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OF
GABALIS.
OR,
CONFERENCES
ABOUT
Secret Sciences.

Rendered out of French into English.

By A. L. A. M.

*Quod tanto impendio absconditur, etiam
solummodo demonstrare destrueret
Tertullian.*

LONDON, Printed by Thos. James &
Robert Harford, at the Angel in Cornhill, near
the Royal Exchange,

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The Count of
GABALIS:

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Conferencs about
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*The First Conference about
Secret Sciences.*

PEACE be with the Soul of the
Noble Count of *GABALIS*,
who, as I am informed by Letter,
died lately of an *Apoplexy*.
The curious Heads, I know, will be
sure to say that that is a common Death
to those who are bad husbands of the
Secrets of the *Sages*; and that ever since
the blessed *Raymond Lully* pronounced
the Sentence in his last will, his Execu-
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tor an Angel is always ready to wring off the Neck of all those who indiscreetly reveal the Mysteries of Philosophers.

But let them not be rash in condemning that Learned Man, without being clearly informed of his Conduct; It is true, he discovered all to me, but it was with all imaginable Cabalistical circumsppection. This is a testimony due to the memory of him who was zealous in the Religion of his Fathers the Philosophers, and who would have burnt, rather than prophaned its Sanctity, by opening his mind to any undeserving Prince, to any ambitious or incontinent Person; three sorts of People in all times excommunicated by the Sages. I have the good fortune not to be a Prince. I have but little Ambition, and it will appear in the sequel that I have even a little more Chastity than is requisite to a Philosopher: He found me of a docile mind, curious, and not easie startled. I want but a little Melancholy to make all those who blame the Count of Gabalis for having concealed nothing from me, acknowledge that I was a Subject proper enough for Secret Sciences. The

truth

truth is, without *Melancholy* no great progress can be made in them; but the little that I had, did not discourage him. You have (he has many times told me) *Saturn* in an Angle, in his House and retrograde; you cannot but one day be as *Melancholy* as a *Sage* ought to be; for the wisest of Men (as we know in the *Cab l*) had, as you have, *Jupiter* in the Ascendant, and yet it is not known that ever he laughed in his life time; so powerful was the impression of his *Saturn*, though it was much weaker than yours.

It is my *Saturn* then, and not the Count of *Gabal*, that the curious Heads should quarrel with, if I like better to divulge than practice their *Secrets*. If the *Stars* fail in their duty, the Count of *Gabal* is not in the fault; and if I have not that greatness of *Soul*, as to aspire to become Master of *Nature*, to overturn the Elements, to converse with supream *Intelligences*, to command *Spirits*, to create *New Worlds*, to speak to *God* in his dreadful *Throne*, and to oblige the *Cherubin* that guards the entry of the *Earthly Paradise*, to let me

fetch some walks in the *Garden*; I am the only *Person* that am most to be blamed: *Men* must not therefore insult over the memory of that rare *Man*, and say that he died, because he told me so many things. Is it impossible, but that he may have fallen in a *Combat* with some rugged *Goblin*, seing the fortune of *War* is various? Perhaps talking to God in his inflamed *Throne*, he could not forbear to look in his *Face*: Now it is written, *That no Man can see his Face and live*. It may be he is only dead in appearance, according to the custom of *Philosophers*, who seem to die in one place and transport themselves to another. However the matter be, I cannot believe that the manner how he intrusted me with his *Treasures*, deserves any punishment. And now I'll tell ye how it happened:

Common sense having made me always suspect that there was a great deal of emptiness in what they call, *Secret Science*, I was never tempted to cast away my time in turning over the Books that treat on them; but likewise thinking it unreasonable, without any ground, to

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condemn all others that apply themselves to that *Study*, who are otherways many times Discreet and Learned Men, and in repute both for the Gown and Sword; I thought it my best (that I might not be unjust, nor cumbered with tedious *Study*) to pretend my self smitten with all those *Sciences*, when I met with any that I could learn were touched with the same. I had at first better success than I could even have expected. For how mysteriously reserved soever these Blades affect to be, yet they desire no better than to vent their imaginations and the new discoveries that they pretend to have made in *Nature*, so that in a few days I became the confident of the chiefest of them: I never wanted one or other of them in my *Study*, which I had purposely furnished with their fantastical *Authors*. No Learned Stranger passed this way but I had notice of it; and in a word, in a very short time I wanted nothing, if ye'll except the *Sciences*, to make me a great *Person*, *Princes*, great *Lords*, *Gown-men*, fair *Ladies*, and ugly ones too, *Doctors*, *Prelates*, *Monks*, *Nuns*, and all sorts

of *People* were my *Companions*. Some were for *Angels*, some for the *Devil*, some for their *Genius*, some for *Incubus's*, some for the cure of all *Diseases*, some for the *Stars*, some for the *Secrets* of *Divinity*, and generally all for the *Philosophers Stone*.

They all agreed that those great *Secrets*, and especially the *Philosophers Stone*, are hard to be found out, and that few possess them; but every one of them had so good an opinion of themselves in particular, as to believe they were of the number of the *Elect*. By good fortune at that time the chief of the *Tribe* impatiently expected the coming of a *German Lord* and great *Cabalist*, whose *Lands* lie towards the *Frontiers* of *Poland*: He promised, by *Letter*, to come and visit the *Children* of the *Philosophers* at *Paris*, and to pass from *France* into *England*. I was appointed to write an *Answer* to the *Letter* of that great Man, and therewith sent him the figure of my *Nativity*, that he might judge by it if I might aspire to *supream Wisdom*. My *Figure* and *Letter* had the good fortune to procure the honour

honour of this Answer from him, *That I should be one of the first he would see at Paris, and that if Heaven opposed not, it should not be his fault if I were not admitted into the society of the Sages.*

That I might improve this happiness, I kept a regular correspondence with this illustrious *German*. Now and then I proposed to him great *Doubts*, backed with as much *Reason* as I could, concerning the Harmony of the *World*, the Numbers of *Pythagoras*, the Revelation of *St. John*, and the first Chapter of *Genesis*. The sublimity of these matters ravished him, he wrote to me of strange and unheard of *Wonders*; and I well perceived that I had to do with a Man of a strong and vast *Imagination*. I have about Three or four score of his Letters, of so extraordinary a file, that whensoever I was alone in my Study, I could read nothing but them.

One day as I was admiring one of the sublimest of them, a Man of an excellent meene entered my Study, who saluting me with Gravity, said to me in *French*, but with the accent of a stranger: *Adore, my Son, adore the great and*

Good God of the Sages, and let it never puff you up with Pride, that he sends one of the Children of Wisdom, to receive you into their Society, and to impart to you the Wonders of his Omnipotence.

I was a little astonished at the novelty of the Greeting, and began at first to doubt whether Men have not Apparitions sometimes; however re-assuring my self as well as I could, and looking on him with as much Civility as the little fear that I was in could allow of; Whoever you be, said I, you whose Compliment is not of this World, you do me much honour by this Visit; but do me the favour, if you please, that before I adore the God of the Sages, I may know what Sages you mean, and of what God you speak; if it be with your conveniency, take that Seat, and tell me what God, Sages, Secrecy, and Wonders of Omnipotence, are those you talk of; and first or last, as you please, to what sort of Creature I have the honour to speak.

You receive me Sir very wisely (answered he laughing, and taking the Seat I offered him) You desire me at first to impart matters to you, which if you please,

I shall not do too day. The Compliment I made you, are the words of the Sages, when first they accost those whom they have resolved to open their heart unto, and to discover their Mysteries. I thought that being so Learned, as you have appeared to me by your Letters, that Salutation would not have surprized you; and that it should have been the most acceptable Compliment that the Count of Gabalis could make you. Ah! Sir, cried I (calling to mind the great part I had to act) How shall I do to deserve so much goodness? Is it possible that the greatest of Men is now in my Study, and that the great Count of Gabalis honours me with a Visit?

I am the least of Sages (replied he with a serious Countenance) and God who dispenses the Rays of his wisdom, with the weight and measure that best pleases his Majesty, has bestowed on me but a very small portion, in respect of that which with astonishment I admire in my Fellows. I am in hopes that you may one day equal them, if I dare judge so by the Figure of your Nativity, which you did me the honour to send me: But give me leave Sir (added he laughing) to blame you for having

at first taken me for an Apparition.

Ab! not for an Apparition (said I) but I confess, Sir, that calling to mind of a sudden, how Cardan reports that his Father was visited one day in his Study by seven Strangers clothed in different Colours, who discoursed to him very oddly of their Nature and Imployment. -- I understand you (said the Count, interrupting me) they were Sylphes, of whom I shall one day talk to you, who are a kind of aereal Substance, that come sometimes to consult the Sages about the Books of Averroes, which they are not over-skill'd in. Cardan was a Block-head for publishing that in his Book of Subtilities; he found the Memoires amongst the Books of his Father, who was one of us, and who perceiving his Son to be naturally a blab tongue would not instruct him in any thing that was sublime, but let him onely tamper and amuse himself with ordinary Astrology; by which he could not so much as foresee that his Son should be hanged. That Rogue is the cause you did me the wrong to take me for a Sylphe. Wrong (replied I). How, Sir, am I then so unhappy as . . . that does not trouble me (said he, interrupting) you are not obliged to know that,

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all those elementary Spirits are our Disciples, that they are too much honoured when we condescend to instruct them; and that the least of our Sages is more knowing and powerful than all these dandy prat Gentlemen. But we shall discourse of that another time; it is enough for too day that I have had the satisfaction to see you. Endeavour my Son to become worthy of receiving the Cabalistical Light; the hour of your Regeneration is come; and you yourself must be in the fault if you become not a new Creature. Pray ardently to him who alone has the power of creating new Hearts, that he would give you one capable of the great matters that I have to tell you, and that he would put it into my heart to keep from you none of his Mysteries. With that he arose, and embracing me, without giving me time to answer, Farewel my Son (continued he) I must go see our Friends who are here at Paris, and when that is done you shall hear of me. In the mean time, Watch, pray, hope, and hold your peace.

Having said so, he went out of my Study; and as I waited upon him out, I complained of the shortness of his Vi-

sit

fit, and that he had the Cruelty to leave me so soon, after he had given me a glimpse of his extraordinary Knowledge. But having with very good Grace assured me that I should lose nothing by the delay, he took Coach, and left me in a surprize not to be expressed. I could not believe my Eyes or Ears; *I am sure (said I) that this is a Man of great Quality, that he hath an Estate of Fifty thousand Livres a year; and appears otherways to be a very accomplished Person: Can he be gulled with these Follies? He has talked very gallantly to me of Sylphes. Is he in effect a Sorcerer, and have I been hitherto in a mistake, in believing that there were none? But likewise, if there be Sorcerers, are they as devote as this Man seems to be?*

I could not tell what to think of all this, yet I was resolved to see what it would come to, though I well fore-saw that I should be baited with Sermons, and that the Familiar which pressed him was a great moralist and holder forth.

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*The Second Conference about
Secret Science.*

THe Count was willing to give me the whole night to spend in Prayer, and next morning by break of day he acquainted me by a Note that he would come to my House about Eight of the Clock, and that if I thought fit we should go abroad and take the Air together. He came according to his promise, and after mutual Civilities past; Let us go (said he) to some place where we may be at liberty, and where our Conference may not be interrupted. *Ruel*, said I, seems to me both pleasant and solitary enough. Let us go thither then, replied he, so we took Coach, and on the way I carefully observed my new Master. I never remarked so great a stock of Satisfaction in any Man, as appeared in all his Carriage; he had a more sedate and composed mind, than a Sorcerer I thought could have. He had the aspect of a Man whose Conscience upbraided him

him with nothing that was foul ; and I was very impatient to hear him enter upon the matter ; not being able to conceive , how a Man who in all things else appeared to me so judicious and accomplished , could be deluded by the Visions with which I perceived him infected the day before. He talked Divinely of Policy , and was ravished to hear that I had read *Plato* on that Subject. You'll need all that one day (said he) more than now you are aware of ; and if we fadge to day , it is not impossible but that in process of time you may have occasion to put in practice those *Sage-Maximes*. With that we entered into *Ruel*, and went into the Garden ; but the Count disdaining to admire the Beauties of the place, marched straight towards the *Labyrinth*.

Perceiving that we were in as solitary a place as he could desire ; I praise (cried he , lifting up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven) I praise the Eternal Wisdom, that he hath put it into my mind to conceal nothing from you of his ineffable Truth. How happy will you be, my Son! if he have the goodness to endue your
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Soul with the Dispositions that so high Mysteries require. You are now to learn how to command all Nature; God alone shall be your Master, and the *Sages* onely your Peers. The supream Intelligences shall think it their honour to obey your desires; the Devils shall not dare to appear where you are; your voice shall make them tremble in the pottomless Pit, and all the i visible People who inhabit the four Elements, will reckon themselves happy to be the Ministers of your Pleasures. I adore thee, O great God! in that thou hast crowned Man with so much Glory, and made him Monarch over all the Works of thine Hands. Do you feel my Son (said he turning to me) do you feel that Heroick Ambition, which is a sure Character of the Children of Wisdom? Dare you desire to serve none but God alone, and to bear rule over every thing which is not God? Have you learnt yet what it is to be Man? And is it not tedious to you to be a Slave; seeing you are born to be Sovereign? And if you entertain those noble thoughts, as the Figure of your Nativity suffers me not to doubt, Consider.

sider deliberately with your self if you have the Courage and Resolution to renounce all things that may be a hindrance to you in attaining to that pitch of Elevation for which you are born? He stopt there, and fixed his Eyes upon me, as if he expected my Answer, or endeavoured to read it in my heart.

How much the beginning of his Discourse made me hope that we should quickly come to the point, so much did his last words make me despair of it. The word *Renounce* startled me, and I made no doubt but that he was going to propose to me the renouncing of my Baptism or Paradise. So not knowing which way to come off: Renounce Sir (said I) how! must I renounce any thing then? Without doubt you must (replied he) and that is so absolutely necessary, that it is the first thing you must do. I cannot tell if you can resolve to do it: But I know very well that Wisdom dwells not in a body subject to sin, as it enters not into a Soul prepossessed with error or malice. The *Sages* will never admit of you into their Society, if you renounce not one thing which is inconsistent with wisdom.

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You must (added he very softly, laying his Mouth to my Ear) *renounce all Carnal dealing with Women.*

At that odd Proposition I burst forth in Laughter. You have let me go upon very easie terms ; Sir (said I) I expected you should have proposed to me some strange Renunciation ; but since all your Quarrel is with Women , the thing is done long ago : I am chaste enough, I thank God for it : Nevertheless Sir , since *Solomon* was a wiser Man than ever I shall be perhaps , and that all his Wisdom could not hinder him from being corrupted : Tell me , if you please , what Expedient do ye Gentlemen of the *Cabal* take to forgo that Sex ; and what inconvenience would it be if in the Paradise of Philosophers every *Adam* should have his *Eve*.

You ask great Matters (replied he) consulting with himself if he should Answer my Question) Nevertheless since I perceive that you will without difficulty renounce Women , I will tell you one of the Reasons which hath obliged the *Sages* to exact this condition from their Disciples ; and by that you'll know
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in what Ignorance live all those who are not of our number.

When you shall be lifted among the Children of the Philosophers, and your Eyes fortified by the use of the most Sacred Medicine; you'll at first discover that the Elements are inhabited by most perfect Creatures, whom the sin of wretched *Adam* hath deprived his too wretched Posterity of the Knowledge of. This immense space which is betwixt the Earth and the Heavens, has far more noble Inhabitants than Birds and Gnats; those vast Seas have many other Guests besides Whales and Dolphins; the depth of the Earth is not made onely for Moles; and the more noble Element of Fire was not created to remain void and useless.

The Air is full of an innumerable multitude of People of Humane Shape, in appearance somewhat fierce, but in reality tractable; great lovers of Sciences, Subtle, Officious to the Sages, and the Enemies of the Foolish and Ignorant. Their Wives and Daughters are Masculine Beauties, such as they paint the *Amazones*. How Sir (cried I) would

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are you make me believe that those *Goblins* are married?

Startle not, my Son, at so small a matter (replied he) believe that what I tell you is a solid truth; these are but the Elements of the Ancient *Cabal*, and it shall be no Mans fault but your own if your own Eyes convince you not; but receive with a docile mind the Knowledge which God sends to you by my Ministry. Forget all that you may have learnt of those things in the Schools of the Ignorant; for it will vex you, when you are convinced by experience, to be forced to confess that you have been wilful out of purpose.

Hear me out then, and know that the Seas and Rivers are inhabited as well as the Air; the Ancient *Sages* named that kind of People, *Undians* or *Nymphs*. They begat few Males, and Women abound amongst them; they are exceedingly Beautiful, and the Daughters of Men are not to be compared to them.

The Earth is filled almost to the Center with *Gnomes*, a People of a low Stature, the Guardians of Treasures, Mines,

Mines and precious Stones. They are Ingenious, Friends to Man, and easie to be commanded. They supply the Children of the *Sages* with what Money they need, and desire no other Wages for their Service but the Glory of being commanded. The *Gnomides* their Wives are little, but very pretty, and very curious in their Cloths.

As to the *Salamanders*, the inflamed Inhabitants of the Fiery Region; they serve Philosophers, but are not solicitous to court their Company, and their Daughters and Wives suffer themselves rarely to be seen. They have reason (said I, interrupting him) and I excuse them from their appearance. Why? (said the Count) Why, Sir (replied I) and what have I to do to converse with so ugly a Beast as a *Salamander*, whether Male or Female? You are in the wrong (replied he) that is the notion that ignorant Painters and Engravers have of them: The Wives of *Salamanders* are Beautiful, and even more lovely than all the rest, seeing they are of a purer Element. I will not insist long

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are in the discription of those People, be-
 cause you your self shall see them easily
 and at leisure, if you have the curiosity.
 You shall see their Dress, their Diet,
 their Manners, Government, and ad-
 mirable Laws. You will be more charm-
 ed with the Beauty of their Mind, than
 with that of their Body; but you can-
 not but pity these poor wretches, when
 they tell you that their Soul is mor-
 tal, and that they have no hopes to en-
 joy that Eternal Being which they know,
 and religiously adore. They'll tell you
 that being composed of the purest parts
 of the Elements which they inhabit, and
 having no contrary qualities in them,
 seeing they consist but of one Element;
 they live many Ages before they die;
 but what is time in comparison of Eter-
 nity? They must return again into the
 abyss of nothing. That thought afflicts
 them so much, that we have a hard
 task of it to comfort them poor souls.

Our Fore-fathers the Philosophers,
 speaking to God Face to Face, com-
 plained to him of the misery of those
 People; and God whose mercy is infinite
 revealed to them that it was not impos-
 sible

fible to find a Remedy to that Evil. He
 informed them that in the same manner
 as Man by the Alliance that he hath
 contracted with God, has been partaker
 of Divinity; so the *Sylphes*, *Gnomes*,
Nymphes, and *Salamanders*, by the Alli-
 ance which they might contract with
 Man, may be made partakers of Im-
 mortality. Thus a *Nymph* or *Sylphide*
 becomes capable of Immortality, and
 of the Bliss to which we aspire; when
 she is so happy as to be married to a *Sage*;
 and a *Gnome* or *Sylphe* ceases to be mortal
 so soon as ever he espouses one of our
 Daughters.

From thence spring the Error of the
 first Ages, of *Tertullian*, *Justin Martyr*,
Lactantius, *Cyprian*, *Clement of Alexandria*,
Athenagoras, a Christian Philosopher,
 and generally of all the Writers of that
 Age. They learnt that those elementary
 half-men courted the Commerce of
 Maids; and from that they imagined
 that the Fall of the Angels was occasion-
 ed onely, by the love which they en-
 tertained for Women. Some *Gnomes*
 desirous of immortality, courted the Fa-
 vour of our Daughters, and brought

them precious Stones, whereof they are naturally the Guardians: And these Authors thought, grounding their opinion on the Book of *Enoch*, not rightly understood, that those were the Snares which the Amorous Angels laid for our Women. In the beginning these Children of Heaven begot famous Gyants on the Daughters of Men, who fell in love with them: And the bad *Cabalists*, *Josephus* and *Philo* (as all the Jews are ignorant) and after them the Authors whom I just now named, as well as *Origen* and *Macrobius*, have affirmed they were Angels, not knowing that they were *Sylphes* and other Elementary People, who by the name of the Children of *Eloim*, are distinguished from the Children of Men. In like manner, that which the wise *Augustin* had the modesty not to decide, in relation to the Addressees which those who were called *Faunes* or *Satyrs*, made to the *Affricans* of his time; is cleared by what I have said of the desire that all those Inhabitants of the Elements have to be allied with Men, as the onely means to attain to the Immortality which they want.

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Ah!

Ah! our *Sages* are far from imputing the Fall of the first Angels to the love of Women, no more than they submit Men so much to the power of Devils, as to ascribe to him the adventures of *Nymphs* and *Sylphes*, wherewith all Histories abound. There was never any Crime in that Matter; it was onely *Sylphes* endeavouring to become Immortal. Their innocent Pursuits are so far from scandalising Philosophers, that they have appeared to us so just, that we have all with one consent resolved to give our selves to no other Pleasure but the immortalizing of *Nymphs* and *Sylphides*.

God, God (cried I) what is this I hear? Is there no end of the f. . . . ? Yes, my Son (interrupted the Count) admire that there is no end of the Felicity of Philosophers! Instead of Women, whose frail Charms are quickly over, and are followed with ghastly Wrinkles, the *Sages* enjoy Beauties that never grow old, and whom they have the Glory to render immortal. Reflect on the Love and Gratitude of those invisible Mistresses: and with what eagerness

ness they desire to please the Philosopher, who applies himself to procure them Immortality.

Ah! Sir, I renounce (cried I once more.) Yes my Son (continued he again, without giving me leave to make an end) renounce the vain and perishing pleasures that are found amongst Women; the Fairest of them looks Ghastly, when compared to the meanest *Sylphide*: our *Sage* Embraces are never dogg'd with any the least distaste. Miserable Ignorants, how much are ye to be pitied, that ye cannot taste of Philosophical Delights.

And miserable Count of *Gabalus* (said I with a tone made up of Anger and Compassion) let me at length tell you, that I renounce that distracted Wisdom; that your Visionary Philosophy seems to me ridiculous, that I detest these abominable Embraces that couple you to *Sprights*; and that I shake for fear, lest one or other of your pretended *Sylphides* hasten to carry you to Hell in the midst of your transports; for fear that such a worthy Gentleman as you are, should at length perceive the folly of that fantastical

taftical Zeal , and repent of fo hainous
a Crime.

Ho, ho (answered he, starting three
or four steps back , and looking on me
angrily) a Curse on that untractable
Spirit of thine. I confefs his Carriage
put me into a fright, but it was far
worse, when I saw, that drawing aside,
he pulled a Paper out of his Pocket,
which I perceived at a distance to be
full of Characters that I could not well
discern: He read attentively, pelted
and muttered to himself. I thought he
was a raising some Spirits to destroy me,
and repented a little of my inconsiderate
Zeal. If I come off well at this bout
(said I) I'll never fear *Cabalist* more.
I had fixed mine Eyes stedfastly upon
him, as upon a Judge that was going to
sentence me to death; when I perceived
his Countenance clear up again. It is
hard for you (said he laughing, and re-
turning towards me) it is hard for you
to kick against pricks, you are a Vessel
of Election. Heaven has destin'd you
for the greatest *Cabalist* of your Age.
Here is the Figure of your Nativity, that
cannot fail, if it happen not presently
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and by my means, it will be when your Retrograde *Saturn* shall think fit.

Nay, God Sir, If it be my luck to become a *Sage* (said I) no Man, I assure you shall ever have a hand in it, except the great *Gabalus*; but to speak freely, I am somewhat afraid you'll find it no easie task, to perswade me to this Philosophick Gallantry. Is it then, because you are so bad a Naturalist (replied he) as not to believe the Existence of these People? I cannot tell (said I) but I am still of opinion that they are but *Goblins* in disguise. Will you still give greater credit to your Nurse (answered he) than to Natural Reason; than to *Plato*, *Pythagoras*, *Celsus*, *Pfellus*, *Proclus*, *Porphyrus*, *Jamblichus*, *Plotinus*, *Trismegistus*, *Nollus*, *Dornens*, *Fluddus*, than to the great *Philippus Aurelius Theophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus* of *Honeinheim*; and all the rest of our Companions?

I'll believe you Sir (said I) as much and more than all these Blades: But dear Sir, cannot you so order matters with your Brethren, that I be not obliged to melt away in love with these

Elementary Lasses? Alas ! (replied he) you are at your liberty, no Man is forced to love ; but though few of the *Sages* are proof against their Charms, yet there have been some, who reserving themselves wholly to greater Matters (as you shall know hereafter) have denied that honour to *Nymphs*. I'll be one of those then (answered I) for indeed I cannot bring my self to a resolution to lose time in using of the Ceremonies, which as I have heard a *Prelat* say, are necessary for obtaining the Commerce of those *Spirits*. That *Prelat* knew not what he said (replied the *Count*) for you shall one day see that they are not *Spirits*; and besides, never did a *Sage* use either Ceremonies or Superstition, for gaining the Familiarity of *Spirits*, nor of the *People* of whom we speak.

A *Cabalist* never acts but by Natural Principles; and if in our Books there be sometimes hard Words, Characters and Fumigations to be found; that is onely to hide from the ignorant the Principles of Nature. Admire the simplicity of Nature in all her most wonderful Operations ! and in that simplicity so great,

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so exact, and necessary an Harmony, that in spite of your Prejudices it will cure you of your weak Apprehensions. What I am about to tell you, we teach those of our Disciples, whom we suffer not to enter into the innermost Sanctuary of Nature; and yet will not deprive of the Society of the Elementary People, out of compassion that we have for the same People.

The *Salamanders*, as you perhaps already conceive, are composed of the most subtle parts of the Sphere of Fire, conglobated and organised, by the influence of the universal Fire (of which some time or other I will discourse to you) so called, because it is the principle of all the Motions of Nature. In the same manner the *Sylphs* are composed of the purest atoms of Air, the *Nymphs* of the thinnest particles of Water; and the *Gnomes* of the subtilest parts of the Earth. *Adam* bore some proportion with these so perfect Creatures, because being made up of the purest part of the four Elements; he contained in himself the perfections of these four kinds of People, and was their Natural

tural King. But when sin had precipitated him among the Excrements of the Elements (as you shall see some other time) the Harmony was untuned, and becoming gross and impure, he bore no more proportion with those so pure and subtile Substances. What remedy to this evil? How is the Lute to be tuned again, and this lost Sovereignty retriued? O Nature! Why art thou so little studied? Do not you conceive, my Son, with what simplicity Nature can restore Man to the Blessings which he hath lost?

Alas! Sir (replied I) I am very ignorant in all these simplicities. But it is very easie however to be knowing in them (answered he.)

If we would recover the Empire over the *Salamanders*, we must purifie and exalt the Element of Fire that is in us, and raise again the tone of that slackened String. There is no more to be done, but to concentrate the Fire of the World by concave mirrours in a Bowl of Glass; and this is the Operation which all the Ancients have religiously concealed, until Divine *Theophrastus* revealed it. In that Bowl there is a Solary Powder

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Powder made, which being of it self purified from the mixture of other Elements; and being prepared according to Art, becomes in a very short time a Sovereign Remedy to exalt the Fire that is in us; and to make us (if one may say so) become of an igneous Nature. Then do the Inhabitants of the Sphere of Fire become our inferiors, and ravished to see our mutual Harmony restored, and that we are become like to them, they have the same Love and friendship for us that they have for their own kind; all the respect which they owe to the Image and Vicegerent of their Creator, and all the care, that the desire of obtaining the immortality which they want, by our means, can make them excogitate. The truth is, as being more subtile and pure than those of the other Elements, they live very long; so they are not so solicitous in demanding Immortality from the *Sages*. You may make use of one of those, my Son, if the aversion you talk of last always: probably you shall never hear her speak one word of that which you are so much afraid of.

The ease is not the same with the *Sylphs*, *Gnomes*, and *Nymphs*, for seeing, as being shorter lived, they stand more in need of us; so their Familiarity is more easily obtained. There is no more to be done for them, but to stop a bottle full of conglobated Air, Water, or Earth, and set it for a month in the Sun; and then to separate the Elements according to Art, which above all is most easie to be done in the Water and Earth. It is wonder, what a strange Load-stone each of these Elements purified are, to attract *Nymphs*, *Sylphes*, and *Gnomes*. As little almost as nothing taken of it daily for the space of some months, will let you see in the Air the republick volant of *Sylphs*; the *Nymphs* coming in crouds to the Shore; and the Guardians of Treasure opening Shop and laying out their Wealth. So that without Characters, Ceremonies, and barbarous Words, one becomes absolute over all those People. They demand no Worship from a Sage whom they know to be nobler than themselves. Thus venerable Nature teaches her Children to repair the Elements by the

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the Elements. Thus is Harmony restored. Thus does Man recover his Natural Empire, and can do all things in the Elements, without the Devil or black Art. You see now, my Son, that the Sages are more innocent than you imagine. What do you say?

I admire you, Sir, (said I) and I begin to fear that you will make me turn Apothecary. Ah! God forbid, my Child (cried he) your Nativity has not destin'd you for such trifles. On the contrary, I discharge you to trouble your Head about distilling; I have told you that the Sages teach such things onely to those whom they will not admit into their Society. You shall have all these advantages, and many others more glorious and agreeable, by Philosophick Procedures of a far different Nature. I have on'y told you of these ways, that I might let you see the innocence of this Philosophy, and cure you of your panick fears.

Thanks be to God, Sir (answered I) my fear is not so great now, as it was a while ago; and though I be not as yet resolv'd to embrace the offer that you propos'd to me with the Salamanders: yet I have

have still the curiosity to be informed, how you have learnt that these Nymphs and Sylphs do die? In troth (replied he) they tell us so, and we see them die. How can you see them die (said I) since your Commerce renders them immortal. You had said somewhat (answered he) if the Sages were as many in number as those People are; besides, a great many of them had rather die than to run the risque of being as miserable as they see the Devils are, by endeavouring to attain to Immortality. It is the Devil that puts these thoughts into their Heads, for he does all he can to hinder these poor Creatures from becoming Immortal by our Alliance. So that I look, and you ought my Son, to look upon the Aversion which you have to it, as a most pernicious temptation and uncharitable inclination.

But further, as to the Death you have been speaking of, What was it that obliged the Oracle of Apollo to say, That all who spake in Oracles were dead as well as himself; as Porphyry reports? And what meant that voice, d'ye think, which was heard over all the Coasts of Italy, and so terrified those that were at Sea? *The great Pan is dead.*

It was the People of the Air, who gave advice to the People of the Water, that the Chief and most Aged of the Sylphes was just then expired.

When that voice was heard (said I) I think the World adored Pan and the Nymphs. These Gentlemen then, whose Commerce you preach to me, were the Pagan Gods?

It is true, my Son (replied he) the Sages are far from thinking that the Devil had ever the power to make himself be adored; he is too miserable and weak ever to have had that Satisfaction and Authority: but he may have perswaded those Guests of the Elements to appear to Men, and to procure Temples to be dedicated to them; who by the Natural Dominion that each of them have over the Element they possess; they troubled the Air and Sea, shook the Earth, and sent Thunder and Lightning at their pleasure: insomuch that it was easie for them to be taken for Deities, so long as the Supream Being neglected the Salvation of the Nations. But the Devil obtained not all the advantage that he expected from his malice: for it came to pass by that, that Pan, the Nymphs, and other Elementary People, having found a means to change that:

that commerce of Worship into a commerce of Love (for you remember that among the Ancients, Pan was the King of those Gods, who were called Incubus's, and made love to Maids) many of the Pagans escaped the snares of the Devil; and shall not burn in Hell Flames.

I understood you not, Sir (said I.) You will not understand me (continued he in a jeering tone and smiling) this is above your reach, and indeed surpasses the reach of all your Doctors, who know not what true Natural Philosophy means. I'll tell you the great Mystery of all that part of Philosophy which concerns the Elements, and which (if you love your self) will certainly remove that so unphilosophical repugnancy which you have testified to me this very day. Know then, my Son, and divulge not this great Arcanum to any unworthy ignorant. Know that as the Sylphs acquire Immortality, by an Alliance which they contract with Men who are predestinated; even so Men, who have no right to Eternal Glory; those Wretches to whom Immortality is but a fatal advantage; for whom the Messiah was not sent

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are Calvinists and Presbiterians then? (said I interrupting him.) We know not what that means, my Child (replied he briskly) and we scorn to inform our selves about the differences of Sects and Religions, with which the ignorant are infatuated. We stick to the Ancient Religion of our Fore-fathers the Philosophers, wherein I must needs sometime or other instruct you. But to return to the purpose, those Men whose sad Immortality will prove but everlasting misery; those accursed Children whom the supream Father hath forsaken, have this relief still, that they may become Mortal, by matching with Elementary People. So that you see that the Sages hazard nothing for Eternity; if they are predestinate, they have the Satisfaction, when they leave the Body, to carry to Heaven with them the Sylphide or Nymph whom they have immortalized; and if they are not predestinate, the Commerce of the Sylphide renders their Soul mortal, and delivers them from the horrors of the second Death. Thus all the Nymphs, who were allied with the Pagans, escaped the Clutches of the Devil. Thus the Sages, or the Friends of the Wise, to whom God puts it in our hearts

to communicate any of the four Elementary Secrets (which I have pretty near discovered to you) free themselves from the danger of damnation.

In sober sadness, Sir (cried I, not daring to put him out of humour again, and judging it fit to forbear telling him openly my thoughts, until that he had discovered to me all the Secrets of his Cabal; which by that pattern I concluded must needs be very odd and pleasant) In sober sadness, you carry Wisdom very far! and you had reason to say that it would surpass the reach of all our Doctors. I am truly of opinion that this is also above the reach of all our Magistrates: and that if they could find out who they are that make their escape from the Devil by this means (as ignorance is always unjust) they would take the Devils part against those Fugitives, and trunch them severely.

And it is for that reason (replied the Count) that I have recommended, and do religiously recommend to you Secrecy. Your Judges are strange Men! they condemn a most innocent Action as

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a most hainous Crime. What barbarity ? to cause burn those two Priests whom the Prince of *Mirandula* says he knew ; each of whom had his *Sylphide* for the space of forty years ! What inhumanity was it to have put to death *Jean Hervillier* , who for the space of thirty six years, laboured in the immortalizing of a *Gnome* ! And how ignorant was *Bodinus*, to call her a Witch ; and to take occasion from her adventure, to authorize the vulgar Fancies concerning Sorcerers ; by a Book no less impertinent than that of his Republick is rational.

But it is late, and I consider not that you have not as yet eaten any thing. You speak for your self, Sir (said I) for my own part I could hear you on till too morrow without trouble. Ah ! for me (replied he laughing and going towards the door) it is evident that you know but little what Philosophy is. The *Sages* eat only for pleasure, and never for necessity. I had a quite different Notion of Wisdom. (answered I.) I thought that a *Sage* ought not to eat but to satisfy necessity. You abuse

abuse your self (said the Count) how long d'ye think our *Sages* can hold out without eating? What can I tell (said I) *Moses* and *Elias* fasted forty days, your *Sages* without doubt come some few days short of them. A mighty matter indeed (replied he) the wisest Man that ever was, the divine and almost adorable *Paracelsus*, assures us that he has seen a great many *Sages*, who have spent twenty years without eating the least thing imaginable. He himself, before he attained to the Monarchy of Wisdom, whereof we have justly given him the Scepter; lived several years without taking any thing but half a Scruple of *Solar Quintessence*. And if you would have the pleasure to make any one live without eating; you have no more to do but to prepare the Earth, as I have told you may be prepared by the Society of *Gnomes*. That Earth being applied to the Navil, and renewed when it is too dry, makes one without the least trouble, dispense with eating and drinking: as the Candid *Paracelsus* affirms he had the experience for the space of six Months.

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But the use of the Catholick Cabalistic Medicine frees us much better from the troublesome necessities, to which Nature subjects the Ignorant. We eat but when we please, and all the superfluity of our Victuals evanishing by insensible transpiration, we are never ashamed of being Men. With that he held his Peace, perceiving that we were near our Servants. So we went to a Village to take a slight Bait, according to the custom of the Hero's of Philosophy.

*The Third Conference about
Secret Sciences.*

After Dinner we returned to the Labyrinth. I was pensive, and the pity that I had of the Counts Extravagancy, which I perceived would be very hard for me to cure, suffered me not to divert my self with what he had said, so much as I would have done, if there had been any hopes of bringing him to his Wits. I ranfanck'd Antiquity

tiquity to find some Objection which he could not answer; for to alledge the Opinions of the Church to him, was in vain, seeing he told me that he adhered only to the Ancient Religion of his Fore-fathers the Philosophers; and to attempt to convince a *Cabalist* by reason, was a long and tedious task: and besides, I had no mind to dispute against a Man whose Principles as yet were not altogether known to me.

It came into my mind, that what he had told me of the false Gods, to whom he substituted *Sylphs* and other Elementary People, might be refuted by the *Pagan Oracles*, which the Scripture calls in all places *Devils* and not *Sylphs*. But seeing I knew not whether in the Principles of the *Cabal* the Count would not attribute the Responses of the *Oracles* to some Natural Cause, I thought it pertinent first to know what his thoughts were as to that.

He gave me occasion to engage him in the Subject; for turning towards the Garden, before we entered the Labyrinth; This Garden looks very well (said he) and these Statua's make a fair Show.

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The Cardina! (answered I) who caused them to be brought hither, entertained a fancy that suited ill with his great Parts. He thought that most of those Statua's rendered heretofore *Oracles*: and upon that he paid very dear for them. That is the infirmity of many People (replied the Count) Ignorance produces daily a kind of most Criminal Idolatry; seeing with so much care Men preserve and preciously esteem the Idols which they believe the Devil heretofore made use of to make himself be adored. Good God will it never be known in the World that from the beginning of all Ages thou hast made thine Enemies thy Foot-stool; and that thou holdest the Devils Prisoners under Chains of Darkeness? That blame-worthy curiosity of making Collections of those pretended Organs of the Devils, might become innocent, my Son, if Men would be perswaded, that Angels of Darkeness were never suffered to speak in *Oracles*.

I do not think (said I interrupting him) that this Doctrine would easily pass amongst the curious; but perhaps it might

might among the Wits. For it was lately decided in a Conference held purposely on that Subject, by the Wits of the first rank, that all the pretended *Oracles* were but Tricks of the covetous Heathenish Priests, or an Artifice of the State-Policy of Princes.

Was it (said the Count) the *Mahometans* that were sent in Embassy to your King, who held that Conference; and so decided that Question? No, Sir (answered I.) What Religion were those Gentlemen of then (replied he) seeing they make no account of Sacred Scripture, which in so many places makes mention of so many different *Oracles*, and especially of the *Pythons*, who had their Residence, and rendered their Responses in the parts appointed for the multiplication of the Image of God? I spake (answered I) of all those Belly-talkers, and I instanced to the Company that King *Saul* banished them his Kingdom, where nevertheless he still found one the night before he died, whose Voice had the wonderful power to raise *Samuel* at his desire, and for his Ruin. But these Learned Men, for all that,

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that, denied absolutely that there were ever any *Oracles*.

If Scripture had no influence upon them (said the Count) they should have been convinced by all Antiquity; wherein it was easie to have shew'd them a thousand miraculous instances. So many Virgins with-child of the destiny of Mortals, who were delivered of the good or bad hap of those that consulted them. Why don't ye alledge *Chrysostom*, *Origen*, and *Oecumenius*? who make mention of those Divine Men, whom the *Greeks* called *Engastrimandres*, whose Prophetick Bellies articulated so famous *Oracles*. And if your Blazes care neither for the Scripture nor the Fathers, they are to be convinced by those miraculous Maids, who transformed themselves into Doves, and under that shape rendered the famous *Oracles* of *Dodona's Doves*. Or you may say, to the Glory of your Nation, that there have been heretofore in *Gallia*, illustrious Maids, who metamorphosed themselves into all Figures, at the pleasure of those who consulted them; and who besides the famous *Oracles* which

which they rendered, had a wonderful Empire over the Floods, and a salutary Authority over the most Incurable Diseases.

They would have termed all these fair proofs Apocryphal (said I.) What, does Antiquity render them suspected? (replied he) you might then have alleged to them the *Oracles* which are daily rendered. And where in all the World? (said I.) At *Paris* (answered he.) At *Paris*! (cried I.) Yes at *Paris* (continued he.) Are you a Master in *Israel* and know not that? Do not Men daily consult *Aquatick Oracles* in Water-glasses or Basins; and *Aereal Oracles* in Looking-glasses, and on the Hands of Virgins? Are not lost Beads and stollen Watches thus recovered? Do not they likewise hear News from distant Countreys, and see absent Friends? Alas! Sir, Why do you tell me of those things (said I.) I tell you (replied he) what I am sure happens daily, and which might be easily proved by a thousand Eye-witnesses. I don't believe that Sir (said I) the Magistrates would make an Example of such an Action

ful and would not suffer Idolatry
 lu- How quick you are! (said the Count in-
 ra- terrupting me.) There is not so much
 hurt in that, as you imagine; and Pro-
 ese- vidence will never permit that Rem-
 nat, nant of Philosophy, which hath escaped
 ed? the lamentable Shipwrack that Truth
 al- hath made, to be extirpated. If there
 are still remain among the People some foot-
 the step of the dreadful power! of Divine
 e.) Names, are you of the opinion that it
 con- should be extirpated? And that Men
 rack should lose the respect and veneration
 daily which is due to the great Name *AGLA*,
 glas that worketh all these Wonders, even
 es in when it is invoked by the Ignorant and
 and Sinners; and which would produce
 and Wonders of another Nature in a Caba-
 Do- listick Mouth? If you would have con-
 a di- vinced those Gentlemen of the truth of
 ends Oracles; you needed but to have exalted
 those your Imagination and Faith, and turn-
 d he, ing towards the East, cried with a loud
 and voice *AG* Hold, good Sir (said
 thou I) I would have been very loath to
 believ have made such a kind of Argument to
 woul so worthy Gentlemen as I was with;
 ction they would have taken me for a Phanatick:

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for assuredly they believe not a word of all that : and though I had known the Cabalistical Operation you speak of, it would not have succeeded in my Mouth, for I have less Faith than they. Well, well (said the Count) if you have none, we shall procure you some. However, if you thought that your Gentlemen would not have believed what they may daily see at *Paris*, you might have cited to them a story of very fresh date : The Oracle which *Celins Rhodiginus* says himself saw, about the end of the last Age, rendered by that extraordinary Man, who spoke; and fore-told things to come by the same Organ as *Eurycles* in *Plutarch* did. I would not cite *Rhodiginus* (answered I) it would have been a Pedantick Quotation, and besides, they would not have failed to have told me that that Man was possessed.

That would have been said most Monkishly (replied he.) Sir (said I, interrupting him) for all the Cabalistical Aversion which I perceive you have to Monks, I cannot but be on their side in this particular. I think it may be

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more safely denied that ever there was any Oracle, than to deny that the Devil spoke in them: For in fine, the Fathers and Divines For in fine (said he, interrupting me) do not Divines agree that the Learned *Sambethe* the oldest of the *Sibyls* was the Daughter of *Noah*? Puh! what of all that (replied I.) Does not *Plutarch* (answered he) say that the most Ancient *Sybill* was the first that rendered Oracles at *Delphos*? That Spirit which *Sambethe* lodged in her Breast was not then a Devil, nor her *Apollo* a false god; seeing Idolatry did not begin till long after the Division of Tongues: and it would be very unlikely to attribute the Sacred Books of the *Sybills*, and all the Proofs of the True Religion, which the Fathers have drawn from them, to the Father of Lies. And then my Child, (continued he smiling) it is not your part, to dissolve the Marriage which a great Cardinal made betwixt *David* and *Sybillia*; nor to accuse that Learned Man of having unequally yoked a great Prophet and an accursed Sorcerers together. For either *David* confirms the

Evidence of the *Sybill*, or the *Sybil* weakens the Authority of *David*. I pray you Sir (said I, interrupting him) to the point again and be serious.

With all my heart (said he) on condition you will not accuse me of being too serious. Is the Devil, in your opinion, ever divided against himself? And does he at any time act against his own Interests? Why not (said I.) Why not? (said he) because he whom *Tertullian* so happily and magnificently calls the Reason of God, thinks it not proper. Satan is never divided against Satan. It follows then, That either the Devil never spoke in *Oracles*, or that he hath never spoke against his Interest. It follows then, that if the *Oracles* have spoken against the interests of the Devil, it was not the Devil that spake in the *Oracles*. But could not God have forced the Devil (said I) to give testimony to the Truth, and to speak against himself? But (replied he) if God hath not forced him. Ah! in that case (said I) you'll have more reason than the Monks.

Let us see then, continued he, and that

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that we may proceed invincibly and with sincerity; I will not adduce the testimonies of the *Oracles* which the Fathers of the Church cite; though I be perswaded of the veneration which you have for these great Men. Their Religion and the Interest which they had in the Matter, might have prejudiced them, and their love to the truth might have so prevailed with them, that perceiving it poor and naked in their Age, they might have borrowed some *Clothing* and *Ornament* for it from *Falshood* itself: They were Men, and by consequence might, according to the *Maxime* of the Prophet of the Synagogue, have been unfaithful Witnesses.

I will take then a Man, who cannot be suspected in this Cause: A *Pagan*, and a *Pagan* of another kind than *Lu-
cian*, or the *Epicureans*; a *Pagan* infatuated (as he is) with Gods and Devils without number, beyond measure superstitious, a great Magician, or pretending so to be; and by consequence a great favourer of Devils, it is *Porphyrius*. Here are some of the *Oracles* which he reports word for word.

ORACLE

O R A C L E.

Above the Celestial Fire there is an incorruptible, ever sparkling Flame, the Source of Life, the Fountain of all Stars, and the Principle of all Things. That Flame produces every thing, and nothing perishes but what it consumes. It makes it self known by it self; this Fire can be contained in no place; it is without body and matter; it incompasses the Heavens, and from it comes forth a little Spark, which makes the Fire of the Sun, Moon, and Stars. This is what I know of God; inquire not after more, for it is above thy reach, how wise soever thou mayst be. Know moreover, that an unjust and wicked Man cannot be hid from God. Neither cunning nor excuse can conceal

conceal any thing from his piercing Eyes. All is filled with God; God is every where.

You well perceive (my Son) that this Oracle looks not too much like the Devil. At least (answered I) the Devil steps a little out of his rode in it. Here is another (said he) which preaches still better.

ORACLE.

THere is in God an immense depth of Flame; yet the Heart of Man should not fear to touch that adorable Fire, nor to be touched by it; it shall not be consumed by that so gentle Fire, the mild and peaceable heat whereof causes the Conjunction, Harmony, and Duration of the World. Nothing subsists but by this Fire, which is God himself. He is not begotten, he has no Mother, he knows all things, and can be taught

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nothing;

nothing; he is immutable in his purposes, and his Name is ineffable, this is God; for as for us, who are his Messengers, we are but a little particle of God.

Well now! What say you to this? I say of both (answered I) that God can force the Father of Lies to give testimony to the Truth. Come here is a third (replied the Count) that will remove your Scruple.

A Las Tripodes! Weep, and make the Funeral Oration of your Apollo; he is mortal, he is going to die. He extinguisheth, because the Light of the Cœlestial Flame makes him extinct.

You well perceive (my Child) that whoever he be that speaks in these Oracles, and who so well explains to Pagans the Essence, Unity, Immanity, and Eternity of God; he confesses that he is Mortal; and that he is but a spark of God. It is not then the Devil that speaks, because he is Immortal, and God would not force him to say that he is not so. It is agreed that Sa-

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tan is not divided against himself. Is that the way for him to be adored, to say, That there is but one God? He says that he is Mortal; how long is it since the Devil was so humble as to strip himself even of his Natural Qualities? You see then, my Son, that if the Principle of him, who by Excellence is called the God of Knowledge, hold Good; the Devil can never have spoken in the *Oracles*.

But if it be not the Devil (said I) either in a frolick telling a Lie, when he calls himself Mortal; or speaking the Truth by force, when he speaks of God; to what then will your *Cabal* ascribe all the *Oracles*, which ye maintain to have been really delivered? Is it to an exhalation of the Earth, as *Aristotle*, *Cicero*, and *Plutarch* affirm? Not so my Child, (said the Count) thanks to the Sacred *Cabal*, I'me not so far out of my Wits yet. *How!* (replied I) hold you that then to be a Fantastical Opinion? It is maintained though by men of good sense. They are not so in this point, my Son (continued he) and it is impossible that all that hath been done

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in Oracles, can be attributed to Exhalation: For Example, That Man, in *Tacitus*, who in a Dream appeared to the Priests of a Temple of *Hercules* in *Armenia*, and commanded them to provide Dogs and Horses to go a Hunting. Thus far it might have been Exhalation; but when at Night those Dogs and Horses returned almost spent, and the Quivers empty of Arrows, and that next day there were as many Beasts found dead in the Forrest, as there were Arrows in the Quivers, this you see could not be Exhalation. And far less it was the Devil; for it would be a very unreasonable and uncabalistick Notion of the Misery of the Enemy of God, to think that he is permitted to take his pleasure in Hunting the Hind or Hare.

To what does the sacred Cabal then (said I) attribute the matter? Hold a little (answered he) before I discover to you that Mystery, I must dispossess you of a prejudice that you may entertain as to that pretended Exhalation; for it appears to me that you emphatically cited Aristotle, Plutarch, and Cicero. You may

may likewise cite Jamblichus, who for all he was a Man of so great parts, was sometime in that Error; which he quickly forsook, when he had examined the Matter more narrowly in the Book of Mysteries.

Peter of Apoua, Pomponatius, Levinus, Sirenus, and Lucilio Vanino, are over-joyed in finding that evasion amongst some of the Ancients. All these pretended Wits, who speaking of Divine Matters, say rather what they desire, than what they know; will allow nothing supernatural in Oracles, lest they should be forced to acknowledge somewhat above man. They are afraid we should lead them up, as by a Jacob's Ladder, to God, whom they fear to know by the steps and degrees of spiritual creatures; but had rather make themselves one, to descend by into the Abyss of Nothing; instead of lifting themselves up to heaven, they dig down into the earth; and instead of searching in the beings, that are superiour to man, the cause of those transports, that raise him above himself, and render him a kind of Deity: they weakly ascribe to feeble Exhalations that virtue of penetrating in-

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to the future, of discovering hidden things, and of soaring up to the highest secrets of the Divine Essence.

Such is the misery of Man, when he is possessed with a spirit of contradiction, and an humour of thinking otherwise than other men do! He is so far from attaining his ends, that he intangles and fetters himself. These Libertines will not subject Man to substances less material than himself, and yet subject him to an Exhalation: and never considering that there is no Analogy betwixt that Chimerical steam and the soul of Man; betwixt that vapor and things future; betwixt that frivolous cause and those miraeulous Effects: It is enough for them to be singular, to make them think themselves reasonable; and to dæmon spirits, that they may set up for men of spirit and wit.

You are much offended at singularity then, Sir? (said I, interrupting him.) Ah! my Son (answered he) it is the Plague of a good Judgment; and the stumbling-block of the greatest Wits. Aristotle, for all he was so great a Logician, could not avoid the snare, into which a conceit of singularity leads

leads those who are so violently acted by it as he was: He could not (*I say*) avoid tripping and puzzling himself in his reasonings. In his Book of the Generation of Animals, and in his *Ethicks*, he says, *That the spirit and mind of Man comes to him from without, and that it is not transmitted from Father to Son; and from the spirituality of the operations of our Soul; he concludes it to be of another Nature than the Material Body which it inspires, the grossness whereof does but offuscate Speculations, far from producing them.* Blind *Aristotle*, seeing according to your opinion our material part cannot be the source of our spiritual thoughts, how do you fancy that a weak Exhalation can be the Fountain of sublime Speculations, and of the high Flight of the Pythians, who render Oracles. You well perceive (*my Child*) how that great Wit trips, and that his singularity makes him lose himself. *You reason very exactly; Sir,* (said I, ravished to find that he spoke in effect to very good purpose; and hoping that his folly might not prove incurable) *God grant that...*

Plutarch

Platarch an Author otherwise so solid (*continued he, interrupting me*) is to be pitied in his Dialogue, Why the Oracles have ceased. He makes to himself convincing Objections, which he does not solve. Why does not he then answer what is objected to him; that if it be an Exhalation which occasions that transport, then all that approach the Prophetick stool, should be seized with Enthusiasme, and not a single Maid, who must be also a Virgin. But how can that Vapour articulate a Voice in the Belly. Moreover that Exhalation is a natural and necessary Agent, and ought always to produce regularly the same Effect? Why is that Maid then never inspired, but when she is consulted? And what is more urging, why has the Earth left off to send out such Divine Vapours? Is it less Earth than it was? Does it receive other Influences? Are there other Seas and other Rivers? Who has then stopped the Pores, or changed the Nature thereof?

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I wonder that *Pomponatius*, *Lucilius*, and the rest of the Libertines, should have followed the Notion of *Plutarch*, and yet abandoned the way he takes to explain himself. He spoke more judiciously than *Cicero* and *Aristotle*, for he was a man indeed of good judgement, and not knowing what to make of all those Oracles, after a long and tedious uncertainty, he at length fixed upon this, *That that Exhalation which he believed came out of the Earth, was a most Divine Spirit*, So that he ascribed to the Deity those extraordinary agitations and Prophetick Raptures of the Priests of *Apollo*. *That Divining Vapour* (said he) *is a Breath, and a most holy and divine Spirit*. *Pomponatius*, *Lucilius*, and the Modern Atheists, like not those wayes of speaking which suppose a Deity. These Exhalations (say they) were of the nature of those Vapours which infest Melancholick People, who speak Languages which they understand not. But *Fernelius* confutes these impious men very well, by proving that Melancholy, which is a peccant Humour, can-

cannot occasion that variety of Tongues, which is one of the wonderfullest Effects of Consideration, and an Artificial Expression of our Thoughts. He hath nevertheless but imperfectly decided the Matter, when he subscribes to *Pfellus*, and to all those who have not been sufficiently endowed with our holy Philosophy; for not knowing what cause to give for such surprizing Effects; like Women and Monks, he hath attributed them to the Devil. *To whom are they then to be attributed?* (said I.) *I have long waited for that Cabalistical Secret.*

Plutarch himself hath very well observed it (said he) and he would have done well to have held to thar. That irregular way of Speaking by an unseemly Organ, being base and unworthy of the Majesty of the Gods (says *that Pagan*) and what the Oracles said surpassing likewise the power of the Soul of Man; they have done great Service to Philosophy; who have placed a kind of Mortal Creatures betwixt the Gods and Man, to whom may be ascribed all that surpasses the weak

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weakness of Man , and comes not near the greatness of the Deities.

That is the Opinion of all the Ancient Philosophy. The *Platonists* and *Pythagoreans* learnt it from the *Egyptians* , and those from *Joseph* and the *Hebrews* , who dwelt in *Egypt* before they passed the *Red Sea*. The *Hebrews* called those Substances which are between Angels and Men , *Sadaim* ; and the *Greeks* transposing the Syllables , and adding but one Letter , call them *Daimonas*. These *Demons* amongst the Ancient Philosophers , are an Aereal People , bearing rule over the Elements , mortal , generative , but unknown in this Age by those who search little for Truth in its ancient Habitations ; that is to say , in the *Cabal* and *Theology* of the *Hebrews* , who had the particular Art of Entertaining that Aereal Nation , and conversing with the Inhabitants of the Air.

You are at your Sylphs again , I fancy , Sir , (said I interrupting him.) *Yes , my Son* (continued he.) *the Jewish Teraphim was onely the Ceremony that was to be observed for that Commerce : and that*

that Jew *Micah*, who in the Book of *Judges* complains that they had carried away his Gods, laments only the loss of the little Statue; wherein the Sylphs conversed with him. The Gods that *Rachel* stole from her Father, were also a *Teraphim*. *Micah* and *Laban* are not accused of Idolatry, and *Jacob* would have been loath to have lived Fourteen years with an Idolater, or to have married his Daughter. It vvas but a Commerce of Sylphs; and vve know by Tradition that the Synagogue held that Commerce to be lawful, and that *David's* Wife's Idol was only a *Teraphim*; by means whereof she entertained a Correspondence with the Elementary People: for you may very well conceive, that the Prophet according to Gods own heart, would never have suffered Idolatry in his House. Whilest for punishment of the first sin, God slighted the World, these Elementary Nations took delight to explain to Men in Oracles what they knew of God; to teach them to live morally; to give them most wise and sound Counsels; such as are to be seen

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in great numbers in *Platarch* and all the Historians: But so soon as God took pity on the world, and would himself become its Teacher, these little Masters with-drew; and from thence came the silence of the Oracles.

The result of all your Discourse Sir, (said I) is that there have been certainly Oracles, and that they were rendered by Sylphs; who render them still daily in Glasses or Mirrors. Sylphs or Salamanders, Gnomes, or Undians (replied the Count.) If it be so, Sir (answered I) all your Elementary People are an ill-bred Pack. And why? (said he.) Why (said I) can there be greater cheating and juggling in the World, than those Responses of double meaning which they alwayes gave. Alwayes (replied he.) Ha! not alwayes. The Sylphide who appeared to that Roman in Asia, and foretold him, That he should one day return thither with the Dignity of Pro-consul. Did she speak very obscurely? And does not Tacitus say, That the thing happened as she had fore-told? That Inscription and those famous Statues in the Spanish History, which informed the Unfortunate King Roderigo,

Roderigo, That his curiosity and incontinence should one day be punished by men cloathed and armed as they were; and that those black men should invade Spain, and reign long in it. Could any thing be clearer than that, and did not the effect justify the truth that very same year? Did not the Moors come and dethrone that Effeminate King? You know the Story, and you may easily judge that the Devil, who since the Reign of the *Messias* disposes not of Empires, could not be Author of that Oracle: And that it must certainly have been some great Cabalist, who learned it from one of the most knowing Salamanders. For seeing the Salamanders are great Lovers of Chastity, they willingly acquaint us with the evils that are to befall the World for the want of that Vertue.

But, Sir (said I) do you think it a very chaste thing, and becoming Cabalistick Modesty, to make use of that Heteroclitom Organ by which they preached their Morality? Ah! for this once (said the Count laughing) I perceive you have the Imagination distempered, and you

see

see not the Physical reason why the inflamed Salamander delights naturally in the most fiery hot places, and is attracted by *I understand, I understand* (said I, interrupting him) *you need not take the pains to explain your self more fully.*

As to the Obscurities of some Oracles (*continued he seriously*) which you call Juggling and Cheating, is not Darkness the usual Mantle of Truth? Does not God take pleasure to hide himself under that Dusky Veil; and the Everlasting Oracle which he hath left to his Children, I mean the Holy Scriptures; is it not wrapt up in an adorable Obscurity; which confounds and misleads the proud, as its light guides the humble?

If that be all the scruple you have, my Son, I would not advise you to delay your entering into Commerce with the Elementary People. You will find them very honest folks, knowing, beneficent, and Fearers of God. *It is* my Opinion, that you should begin with the Salamanders; for in your Figure you have *Mars* in the Mid-heaven,

ven, which imports that there is a great
 deal of Fire in all your actions. And as
 to Marriage, I would advise you to
 take a Sylphide; you'll live happier
 with her than with any of the others,
 for you have *Jupiter* on the Cusp of
 your Ascendant, within a Sextile of *Ve-*
nus. Now *Jupiter* rules over the Air
 and the People of the Air. However
 you must consult your own heart a-
 bout the matter; for as you shall one
 day know, a Sage is governed by the
 internal Planets, and the Planets of the
 external Heavens serve only to make
 known to him more certainly the As-
 pects of the Internal Heaven, which is
 in every Creature: So that it lies at
 your Door now to tell me what your
 inclination is, to the end we may pro-
 ceed to your match with those of the
 Elementary People whom you like best.
Sir (answered I) *that is an Affair, which*
in my opinion requires some little delibe-
ration. I like you for that Answer,
he (said he, clapping his hand upon my
the boulder.) Consult deliberately about
 that great matter, especially with him
 who by Excellence is called, *The An-*

gel of the Great Council. Go, betake
your self to Prayer, and to morrow
about Two of the Clock after Noon, I
will come and wait on you.

We returned towards Paris, and up-
on the Road I put him again upon the
Discourse against Atheists and Liber-
tines: I never heard more solid Reason-
ing, nor better and more sublime things
said for the Existence of a God, and a-
gainst the blindness of those who spend
their lives without applying themselves
wholly to a serious and continual wor-
ship of him, from whom we have our
being, and who does preserve it. I
wondered at the Character of the Man,
and could not conceive, how at the
same time he could be strong and so
weak, so admirable and so ridicu-
lous.

I shall represent to me the whole pretentious
of the Elements in the Tenth of
Dante. O Lord! & c. which is
light, dispels the darkness which is
The distance and perverse Education hath
spread over the soul of his self, who
as you have made known to me, is
finest by you to great masters.

*The Fourth Conference about
Secret Sciences.*

I Stayed at home expecting the Count of Gubalis, as we had agreed at our parting. He came at the appointed hour, and accosting me with a smiling air; Well, my Son (*said he*) for which kind of the Invisible People hath God given you the greatest Inclination, and what Alliance will please you best, whether of the Salamanders, Gnomides, Nymphs or Sylphides? *I am not as yet fully resolved about that match, Sir,* (*answered I.*) Who is in the fault then? (*replied he.*) To be free with you, Sir, (*said I*) I cannot cure my imagination, it still represents to me those pretended Guests of the Elements as the Tassels of Devils. O Lord! (*cried he*) O God of Light, disperse the darkness which ignorance and perverse Education hath spread over the soul of this Elect; who, as you have made known to me, is destined by you to so great matters. And

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you ; my Son, shut not the Door against the Truth, which would come and lodge with you ; be teachable. But it is all one , I care not whether you be or not ; for indeed it is injurious to Truth , to prepare its wayes. It can break thorow Doors of Iron , and enter where it pleases , in spite of all the resistance of Falshood. What can you have to object against it ? Hath not God, d'ye think created in the Elements such Substances as I have described ?

I have not examined (said I) if there be any possibility in the matter it self ; If one single Element can furnish Blood, Flesh, and Bones ? If there can be a Temperature without Mixture , and Actions without Contrariety ? But granting that God could do it , what solid Argument is there that he hath done it ?

Will you be convinced of it presently (replied he) without so much a-do ? I'll go call the Sylphs of Cardan , you shall hear from their own mouths what they are , and what I have told you of them ? No , not so , Sir , if you please (cried I briskly.) Wave , I adjure you , that kind of proof, until I be perswaded that those Blades
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are no Enemies to God ; for till then
I'll die , sooner than wrong my Conscience
by

This , this is the ignorant and false piety of these unhappy Times (said the Count in Choller, interrupting me) Why then is not the greatest of Anchorites blotted out of the Calendar of Saints ? And why are not his Statues burnt ? It is a wrong that his venerable Ashes are not raked up ? And that they are not scattered in the Air , as the Ashes of those who are accused of having had Commerce with Devils ? Did he attempt to exorcise the Sylphs ? And hath he not treated them as Men ? What can you say to that now *Seigneur Scrupulofo* , you and all your silly Doctors ? Was the Sylph who discoursed to that Patriarch of his Nature , in your opinion the Tassel of a Devil ; Did that incomparable Man consult with a Goblin about the Gospel ? And will you accuse him of having profaned the adorable Mysteries , by discoursing of them with a Spright the Enemy of God ? *Athanasius* and *St. Jerome* then very ill deserve the great name that is given them

them by the Learned ; having wrote
 with so much eloquence the Elogy of a
 Man who was so courteous to Devils.
 If they took the Sylph for a Devil,
 they ought either to have stifled the
 Adventure , or interpreted in a spiritual
 Sense that Sermon , or that so pathetick
 Apostrophie which the Anchorite,
 more credulous and zealous than you
 are , makes to the City of *Alexan-*
dris : And if they thought that Sylph
 a Creatnre participant , as he assures
 us , as well as we of Redemption ; and
 if in their Opinion that Apparition was
 an extraordinary grace of God shew'd
 to the Saint , whose Life they wrote ,
 are you reasonable to pretend to more
 knowledge than *Athanasius* and *Jerome* ,
 and greater holiness than Divine *An-*
thony ? What would you have said to
 that admirable man , had you been one
 of those Ten thousand Hermites , to
 whom he related the Conversation that
 he had with the Sylph ? You , without
 doubt , wiser and more enlightened
 than all those Terrestrial Angels , would
 have told the Saint , *That his whole Ad-*
venture was a meer Illusion ; and you
 would

would have dissuaded his Disciple *Athanasius* from publishing to all the World a Story so inconsistent with Religion, Philosophy, and Common Sense. Is it not true what I say?

It is true (said I) that I would have been of the Opinion, either to have said nothing at all, or more of it. Athanasius and St. Jerome (replied he) had no mind to speak more of it; for they knew no more but that; and though they had known all, which could not be unless they were of our number; they would not have rashly divulged the Secrets of Wisdom.

But why did not that Sylph (said I) propose to St. *Anthony*, what you propose to day to me? What (said the Count laughing) Matrimony? Ha, ha, that had been to good purpose indeed. *It is true (replied I) that in all appearance the good Man would not have embraced the Match. No certainly (said the Count) for it would have been a tempting of God to have married at that Age, and to have asked Children of him. How (replied I) do you marry with Sylphs then, to have Children by them.*

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For what end else (*said he*) are Men ever allowed to marry, for another end? *I did not think* (*replied I*) *that ye expected or pretended to any Issue; but that all ye did, was onely to immortalize Sylphs.*

Ha! You are in the wrong (*continued he*) the Charity of Philosophers makes them propose for their end the Immortality of the Sylphides: but Nature makes them desirous to see them fruitful. You shall see, when you have a mind, those Philosophical Families in the Air. Happy were the World, if it had none but such Families, and if there were no Children of Corruption in it. *What do you call Children of Corruption, Sir?* (*said I, interrupting him.*)

Such are (*said he*) my Son, such are all the Children who are born in the ordinary way; Children conceived by the Will of the Flesh, not by the Will of God; Children of Wrath and Malediction; in a word, Children of Men and Women. You have a mind to interrupt me; I know very well what you would say. Verily, my Son, you must know, that it was never the Will of the Lord

that Men and Women should have Children by the way they procreate. The Design of the all-wise Creator was much more Noble ; he intended the World should have been peopled far otherwise than it is , if wretched Adam had not so grossly disobeyed the Command of God , Not to touch Eve ; and if he had been satisfied with all the other Fruits of the Garden of Pleasure, with the Beauty of the Nymphs and Sylphides ; the World would not have had the disgrace to be filled with Men, so imperfect ; that they may pass for Monsters , if compared with the Children of Philosophers.

How, Sir (said I) by what I perceive, you believe that the crime of Adam is somewhat else than the eating of the Apple ? What, my Son (*replied the Count*) are you of the number of those that have the simplicity to understand the Story of the Apple literally ? Ha ! You must know , that the Holy Tongue uses those innocent Metaphors , to keep us from conceiving Obscene Notions of an Action which occasioned all the Miseries of Mankind. So, when Solomon said, *I will ascend*

ascend the Palm-tree, and gather the fruits thereof; he had another appetite than the eating of Dates: that Tongue which is consecrated by Angels, and used by them in singing Hymns to the Living God, hath no Terms to express what it figuratively names, calling it an Apple or Date. But a Sage easily explains those chaste Figures, when he perceives that the Mouth or Taste of Eve are not punished, and that she brings forth in pain: He knows that it is not the Taste that was in the fault: And discovering what was the first sin, by the care which the first sinners had to cover some parts of their Bodies with Fig-tree Leaves, he concludes that it was not the will of God that Men should multiply by that base way. O Adam! you should have begotten none but men like your self, or none but Heroes and Giants.

Pray now! what expedient was there, (said I interrupting him) for one or other of those mervellous Generations? To obey God (replied he) to touch none but Nymphs, Gnomes, Sylphides. or Salamanders. So none but Heroes would have sprung from his Loins, and the Universe would have been peopled with

a wonderful Race ; filled with strength and wisdom. God was pleased to let us guess at the difference that would have been betwixt that innocent world and the sinful world which now we see, by suffering now and then Children to be begotten after the manner that he has projected. *There has been sometimes then Sir (said I) some of those Children of the Elements ? And a Doctor of the Sorbonne, who cited to me t'other day St. Augustine, St. Jerome, and Gregory Nazianzene, is mistaken then, in believing that no fruit could spring from the loves of those spirits for our women, or the commerce that men might have with certain Devils whom he called Hyphialtes.*

Lactantius reasoned better (replied the Count) and solid *Thomas Aquinas* hath learnedly decided, that those copulations might not onely be fruitful; but that the Children so begotten, are of a far more generous and heroick nature than others. In effect, you shall read when you please the high feats of those mighty and famous men, who as *Moses* says, were begotten in that manner; we have amongst us the Histories of them

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them in the Book of the Wars of the Lord, cited in the Twenty third Chapter of *Numbers*. However judge what a world it would be, if all its Inhabitants, for instance, resembled *Zoroaster*.

Zoroaster (said I) who is reputed to be the Author of *Necromancy*? The very same (said the Count) of whom the ignorant have wrote that calumny, he had the honour to be the Son of the Salamander *Oromasis*, and *Vesta* the Wife of *Noah*. He lived Twelve hundred years, the wisest Monarch in the world, and then was by his Father *Oromasis* transported into the Region of Salamanders. I make no doubt (said I) but *Zoroaster* is with the Salamander *Oromasis* in the Region of Fire: but I would be loath to put such an affront upou *Noah*, as you have done.

The affront is not so great as you may imagine (replied the Count) all those Patriarchs reckoned it a great honour to be the presumptive Fathers of the Children, which the Sons of God were willing to beget upon their Wives; but this is likewise a little too strong for you.

Let us return to *Oromasis* ; he was beloved of *Vesta* the Wife of *Noah*. That same *Vesta* after her death was the Tutelary Genius of *Rome* , and the Sacred Fire which she would have carefully kept by Virgins , was to the honour of her Gallant the Salamander. Besides *Zoroaster* , they had also a Daughter of an excellent Beauty and extream Wisdom ; she was that Divine *Egeria* from whom *Numa Pompilius* received all his Laws. She obliged *Numa* , whom she loved , to build a Temple to her Mother *Vesta* , where the Sacred Fire was kept in honour of her Father *Oromasis*. This is the truth of the Fable which the Poets and Roman Historians have related of that Nymph *Egeria*. *William Postoll* , the least ignorant of all who have studied the Cabal in the Common Books , knew that *Vesta* was the Wife of *Noah* ; but he was ignorant that *Egeria* was the Daughter of that *Vesta* ; and not having read the secret Books of the Ancient Cabal , of which the Prince of *Mirandula* bought a Copy at so dear a rate ; he believed , that *Egeria* was only the good Genius of *Noah's* Wife. We are

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informed by these Books that *Egeria* was conceived upon the Water, when *Noah* wandered upon the avenging Floods that deluged the Universe. Women were then reduced to that little number which was saved in the Cabalistical Ark, which that second Father of the World had built: This great Man groaning to see the dreadful punishment wherewith God chastised the Crimes occasioned by the love that *Adam* had for his *Eve*; and perceiving that *Adam* had undone his posterity, by preferring *Eve* to the Daughters of the Elements, and by denying her to Salamanders or Sylphs, who could easily have gained her love. *Noah* (I say) growing wise, by the fatal example of *Adam*, consented that his Wife *Vesta* should yield to the Salamander *Oromasis*, the Prince of fiery Substances; and likewise perswaded his three Sons to give their three Wives to the Princes of the Three other Elements. The Universe by this means was in a short time re-peopled with so heroick, knowing, beautiful, and rare Men, that their Posterity dazzeled with their Vertues took them for Deities.

One

One of the Sons of *Noah* rejects the counsel of his Father, and cannot resist the Charms of his Wife, no more than *Adam* of his *Eve*: But as the Sin of *Adam* blackned the souls of all his Offspring, so the small complaisance, that *Cham* had for the Sylphs, marked all his black Posterity. Hence comes (as our Cabalists say) the horrible colour of the Mores, and all those hideous People who are commanded to inhabit the Torrid Zone, as a Punishment of the Profane Heat of their Father.

These are indeed pretty odd Records, Sir, (said I, admiring the extravaganeey of the Man) *and your Cabal is of wonderful use for illustrating Antiquity.* Wonderfully (replied he gravely) and without it Scripture, History, Fables, and Nature, are obscure and unintelligible. For example, you believe that the injury which *Cham* did to his Father, was such as it appears by the Letter, verily it is a far different thing. *Noah* being come out of the Ark, and perceiving that his Wife *Vesta* grew fairer and fairer, by the commerce she held with her Gallant *Oromasis*, fell passionately in love with her again.

again. *Cham* fearing that his Father was about to people the Earth with a Race as black as his Mores, watched his opportunity one day, when the good old Man was full of Wine, and without mercy cut off his stones. You laugh?

I laugh (said I) *at the indiscreet zeal of Cham.* You should rather admire (*replied the Count*) the Civility of the Salamander *Oromasis*, whom Jealousie hindered not to pity his Rivals Misfortune; he taught his son *Zoroaster*, otherways called *Japhet*, the name of the Omnipotent God, which expresseth his eternal fecundity: *Japhet*, with his Brother *Shem*, marching backwards towards the Patriarch, pronounced six times by turns the dreadful Name of J A B A M I - A H, and made the old Man whole again. This History, ill understood, made the Greeks say that the ancientest of the Gods was gelt by one of his Sons: but the truth of the matter is as I have told you. From whence you may conclude that the morality of the people of the Fire is far more courteous than ours, yea even than of the people of the Air or Water; for the Jealousie of these is

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Cruel, as Divine *Paracelsus* informs us in an adventure which he relates, and which was seen by all the Town of *Stauffembergh*. A Philosopher, with whom a Nymph engaged in a Commerce of Immortality, was so dishonest as to fall in love with a VVoman; as he was at Dinner with his new Mistress and some Friends, they saw in the Air one of the loveliest Thighs and Legs that could be imagined: The Invisible Lover was willing to shew it to the Friends of her Disloyal Servant, to the end they might judge how much he was in the wrong, to prefer a VVoman to her. After which, the enraged Nymph killed him on the spot.

Ha, Tha! Sir (cried I) that is enough to put me out of conceit with such Misses. I confess (replied he) their nicety is a little too violent; but if amongst our VVomen, some provoked Misses have been known to dispatch their perjured Gallants, it is not to be wondred at if those so beautiful and faithful Sweethearts, be enraged when they find themselves betrayed; and the rather because they exact no more from Men, but that

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that they would abstain from VWomen, whose defects they cannot away with; and that they allow us to make love to as many of themselves as we please. They prefer the Interest and Immortality of their Companions to their private satisfaction; and are glad when the Sages bestow upon their Republick as many Children as they are able to beget.

But in fine, Sir (replied I) how comes it to pass that there are so few instances of what you tell me? There are a great many, Child (continued he) but Men reflect not on them, or believe them not; or in a word explain them amiss, for want of the knowledge of our Principles. They ascribe to Devils, all that should be attributed to the people of the Elements. A little Gnome procures the love of the famous Magdalene of the Cross, Abbess of a Monastery at Cordova in Spain; at twelve years of age she began to render him happy, and they continued their Commerce for the space of Thirty years. An ignorant Confessor perswades Magdalene that her Gallant was a Goblin, and

and obliges her to beg Absolution from Pope *Paul* the Third. Nevertheless it is impossible that it could be a Devil; for all *Europe* knows, and *Cassiodorus Re-nins* hath left on Record to Posterity, the Miracle that was daily done in favour of that Holy Nun, which in appearance would not have happened, if her commerce with the Gnome had been so devillish as the Venerable Confessor imagined. That Doctor, if I mistake not, would have boldly affirmed that the Sylph who immortalized himself with the young *Gertrude*, a Nun of the Monastery of *Nazareth* in the Diocess of *Cologne*, was some Devil. *Without doubt* (said I) *and I think so too*. Ha! my Son (*continued he laughing*) the Devil is not unhappy then, in that he could entertain a Commerce of Gallantry with a Girl of Thirteen years of Age, and write to her the sweet Love-letters that were found in her Cabinet.

Believe, my Child, believe, that in the Region of Death the Devil hath sadder Employments and more conform to the hatred which the God of Purity

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pursues him with: but thus men wilfully shut their eyes. We find, for instance in *Titus Livius*, that *Romulus* was the Son of *Mars*; the Wits say, that it is a Fable: the Divines, that he was the Son of a Devil: the Drolls, that Madam *Sylvia* lost her Gloves, and that she would cover the shame of it, by saying that they were stolen from her by a God. We who know Nature, and who are called by God from that darkness to his mervellous light; we know, that that same pretended *Mars* was a Salamander, who taken with the young *Sylvia*, made her the Mother of great *Romulus*, the Hero, who having founded his stately City, was by his Father carried away in a Flaming Chariot, as *Zoroaster* was by *Oromasis*.

Another Salamander was the Father of *Servius Paulus*; *Titus Livius* says it was the God of Fire, deceived by the resemblance; and the ignorant have past the same Judgment on him as on the Father of *Romulus*. The famous *Hercules*, and the invincible *Alexander*, were the Sons of the greatest of the Sylphs. The Historians, ignorant of that,

that, have said that *Jupiter* was their Father. They said true, for as you have been told, those Sylphs, Nymphs, and Salamanders, being reckoned Deities, the Historians, who believed them to be so, called all that were begotten by them the Children of Gods.

Such were the Divine *Plato*, the more Divine *Apollonius Thianens*, *Hercules*, *Achilles*, *Sarpedon*, *Pius Aeneas*, and renowned *Melchisedeck*; for do you know who was *Melchisedecks* Father? No really Sir (said I) for St. Paul knew it not. Nay say, that he would not tell (replied the Count) and that he was not permitted to reveal the Cabalistical Mysteries; he well knew that the Father of *Melchisedeck* was a Sylph, and that that King of *Salem* was conceived in the Ark by the wife of *Shem*. The manner of that High-Priests sacrificing, was the same, which his Cousin *Egeria* taught King *Numa*, as well as the adoration of a Supreme Deity without Image and Statue: by reason whereof the Romans sometime after falling into Idolatry, burnt the Holy Books of *Numa*, which were dictated by *Egeria*.

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The first God of the Romans was the true God, they had true Sacrifice, they offered Bread and Wine to the Sovereign Master of the World ; but that was wholly perverted in succeeding Times ; yet God, in acknowledgment of that Primitive Worship, gave that City, which had owned his Sovereignty, the Empire of the Universe. The same Sacrifice which *Melchisedeck*

I beg of you, Sir (said I, interrupting him) let us waive Melchisedeck, the Sylph that begot him, his Cousin Egeria, and the Sacrifice of Bread and Wine. These Arguments seem to me a little remote ; and you would much oblige me, to tell me news of a fresher date ; for I heard a Doctor say, who was asked what was become of that Satyre who appeared to St. Anthony, and whom you have called a Sylph ; that all those Blades are dead now. And indeed it may very well be, since you acknowledge them to be mortal ; and that we hear no news of them.

Now I pray God (*replied the Count in a little heat*) I pray God, who knows all things, that he would never know that unknowing man, who so sottishly decides.

cides what he knows not. Confound him and all such Coxcombs. Which way hath he learnt that the Elements are desert, and that all those mervellous people are annihilated? If he would have taken the pains to read a little History, and not like good Women, attribute to the Devil what-ever transcends the Chimerical Theory which he hath framed to himself of Nature, he would have found in all Times and Places, sufficient instances of what I have now told you.

What would your Doctor say to that Authentick Story which happened lately in *Spain*? A lovely Sylphide was beloved of a Spaniard, lived with him three years, had three fine Children to him, and then died. Will one say that it was a She-Devil? A learned Answer indeed! by what Philosophy can the Devil form to himself the Body of a Woman, conceive, bring forth, and give suck? What proof is there in Scripture of that extravagant Power, which on this occasion your Divines are obliged to grant to the Devil? And what probable Reason can their weak

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Physicks furnish them with. The Jesuit *Delrio*, a Man of Sincerity and Candor, faithfully relates several such Adventures, and without perplexing himself with Physical Reasons, slips his Neck out of the Collar, by saying, That those Sylphides were Devils: So true it is, That your greatest Doctors know no more most times than silly Women! So true it is, That God loves to retire into his Cloudy Throne, and that condensing the Darkness which incompasses his dreadful Majesty, he discovers not his Verities, but to such as are of an humble heart. Learn from the Sages to give the Devils no power in Nature, since the fatal Stone hath shut them up in the Bottomless Pit. Learn of Philosophers alwayes to search for Natural Causes in all extraordinary Emergents; and when Natural Causes fail, make your recourse to God and his holy Angels, but never to the Devils, who do no more but suffer: otherwise you will many times blaspheme before you are aware; and attribute to the Devil the most mervellous VWorks of Nature,

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For Example , VWhen you are told that the Divine *Apollonius Thianeus* was conceived without the help of any Man , and that one of the highest Salamanders descended to immortalize himself with his Mother ; you'll say that that Salamander was a Devil , and you'll give the Devil the glory of the generation of one of the greatest Men that ever sprung from our Philosophical Marriage-Beds.

But , Sir (said I, interrupting him.) that same Apollonius is amongst us reputed to have been a great Sorcerer, and that is all the good that is said of him.

There is (*replied the Count*) one of the strangest effects of Ignorance and perverse Education ; because one has heard his Nurse tell Tales of Sorcerers, what-ever comes to pass extraordinarily, must have the Devil for Author. It is in vain for the greatest Doctors to talk, we will never believe them, unless they say as our Nurses say. *Apollonius* is not begotten of a Man, he understands the Language of Birds, he is seen the same day in several places of the VWorld, he disappears before the Empe-

Emperor *Domitian*, who would have used him ill : He raises a Maid by virtue of Onomancy : He says at *Ephesus* in an Assembly of all *Asia*, that at the very instant the Tyrant is killed at *Rome*. That Man is to be tried, the Nurse says he is a Sorcerer; St. *Jerome* and St. *Justin* Martyr, say he was only a great Philosopher. *Jerome*, *Justin*, and we Cabalists, shall be Enthusiasts, and the little VWoman shall carry the day. Ha! Let the Ignorants perish in their Ignorances; but for you, my Son, save your self from the Shipwrack.

VWhen you read that the Famous *Merlin* was born without the help of Man of a Nun, the Daughter of a King of *Great Britain*; and that he fore-told things future more clearly than *Tyresia*. Say not with the Vulgar, *That he was the Son of an Incubus*, seeing there never was any; nor, *That he prophesied by the Black Art*, seeing the Devil is the most ignorant of all Creatures; according to the holy Cabal. Say with the Sages, *That the British Princess was comforted in her Solitude by a Sylph, who took pity on her; that he made it his business to*
divert

divert her : that he knew how to please her, and that their Son Merlin was bred by the Sylph in all Sciences, and learned of him to do all the Mervels which are related in the Histories of England.

Neither offer that Affront to the Counts of Cleves, to say, That the Devil is their Fore-father, and entertain a better opinion of the Sylph, who as History tells us, came to Cleves in a miraculous Ship drawn by a Swan, that was yoked to it with a Silver Chain. That Sylph having begot many Children upon the Heiress of Cleves, departed one day at Noon in his Aereal Ship, in the sight of all the people. Now what hurt hath he done your Doctors, that they set him up for a Devil?

But will you have so little regard to the honour of the House of Lusignan, and will you give your Counts of Poitiers a Diabolical Extraction? VVhat will you say of their famous Mother? *I believe Sir* (said I interrupting him) *you are about to tell me Tales of Melusina.* Ha! (*replied he*) if you deny me the History of *Melusina*, I give you over for lost : but if you deny it, we must

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turn the Books of great *Paracelsus*, who
 at five or six different places maintains
 that *Melufina* was a Nymph; and you
 must give the lie to your Historians,
 who say that since her death, or rather
 since she vanished out of her Husbands
 sight, she hath never failed (whenever
 her Off-spring were threatned with any
 misfortune, or any King of *France* was
 to die by an extraordinary death) to
 appear in Mourning upon the great
 Tower of the Castle of *Lusignan* which
 she built. You would have a quarrel
 with all that are descended from that
 Nymph, or that are allied to that House,
 if you should obstinately maintain it was
 the Devil.

Do ye think, Sir (said I) that these
 Lords like best to be descended from Sylphs?
 They would without doubt like it best
 (repl ed he) if they knew what I tell you,
 and they would reckon those extraordi-
 nary procreations to be a great honour.
 They would know, if they had a glimpse
 of the Cabal, that that kind of gene-
 ration being more suitable to the way
 that God in the beginning intended men
 should be multiplied; the Children that
 F spring

spring from it are happier, more valiant, more
wise, renowned, and more blessed of God
Is it not more glorious for those illu-
strious Men to be descended from
perfect, wise, and powerful Creatures
than from some nasty Goblin, or infer-
mous *Amodeus*?

Sir (said I) our Divines are far from
saying that the Devil is the Father of
those who come into the World, when
is not known who begot them. They
knowledge the Devil to be a Spirit, and
that so he cannot generate. Gregory
Nice (replied the Count) says not so
for he holds that the Devils multiply
among themselves, as Men do. We
not of his Opinion (answered I) but it
to pass (say our Doctors) Ha! say
not (said the Count interrupting me)
say not, what they say, else you
speak as they do, a very foul and ob-
scene impertinency. What abominable
shift have they found there? It is strange
how they have all unanimously im-
braced that Pollution, and placed li-
tle Goblins in ambuscado, to make ad-
vantage of the idle Brutality of solitary
Persons, and thereby to hatch those
miraculous inv-

miraculous Men, whose illustrious me-
 mory they stain by so base a Conception.
 Do they call that to play the Philosophers?
 Is it be-seeming the Majesty of God, to
 say that he does so far comply with the
 Devil, as to favour such abominations, to
 grant them the Blessing of Fruitfulness,
 from which he hath denied to Saints, and to
 of allward those Impurities by creating for
 en such embryo's of Iniquity, more Heroick
 souls, than for those who have been be-
 gotten in the Chastity of a lawful Mar-
 ryage? Is it be-fitting Religion, to say as
 our Doctors do, that the Devil by that
 testable Artifice can make a Maid with-
 out child in her sleep without hurting her Vir-
 ginity; which is as absurd as the Story that
 Thomas Aquinas (other-ways a very solid
 author, and who understood a little of the
 babal) forgot himself so far, as to relate
 his sixth Quodlibet, of a Maid lying
 with her Father, to whom he makes the
 same accident happen, that befell the
 daughter of Jeremiah (as some heretical
 rabins say) who make her to have con-
 caved the great Cabalist Ben Syrah, by
 going into the Bath after the Prophet.
 These are swear that that impertinency hath
 been invented by some F 2 If

If I durst interrupt your Declamation, Sir, (said I) I would confess that it were to be wished that our Doctors had imagined some Solution, which might not have been so offensive to chaste Ears, such as yours; or else they should have absolutely denied the instances on which the question is grounded.

An excellent expedient (replied the Count) fie, fie! to deny evident truths: put your self in the place of a Doctor with a Hood) and suppose that the blessed *Danhuzerus* came to you as to the Oracle of his Religion

As he was saying so, a Lackey came to acquaint me that a Young Lord was coming to see me. I will not be seen by him. (said the Count) I beg your Pardon Sir (said I) you well perceive by that Lord's Name that I cannot deny my self: take the pains then to go into that Closet. That is needless (said he) I'll go make myself invisible. Ha! Sir (cried I) Devilry (if you please) I like not jesting with such edged Tools. Strange Ignorance (said the Count laughing and shrugging up his Shoulders) not to know that to become invisible, there is no more

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requisite but to put the contrary of the
 Light before ones self. With that he
 went into the Closet) and at the same time
 the Young Lord came into my Chamber :
 I beg his pardon if I talked not to him of
 my Adventure.

*The Fifth Conference about
 Secret Sciencs.*

THe great Lord being gone, as I came
 back from waiting on him out, I
 found the Count of Gabalis in my Cham-
 ber. It is great pity (said he) that the
 lofty Lord who has just now been gone,
 shall one day be one of the 72 Princes
 of the Sanhedrin of the New Law; for
 were it not for that, he would prove a
 great Subject for the Secret Cabal; he
 is a Man of a deep reach, a clear,
 vast, sublime, and daring Wit; there
 is the figure of Geomancy that I cast for
 him while ye were in Discourse toge-
 ther. I never saw more happy points,

and which denoted so noble a Soul, look to that (a) Mother, what magnanimity she (a)(b) Terms gives him. That (b) of Geomancy, Daughter, shall procure him the Purple. I am vexed at her, and Fortune too, because they deprive Philosophy of a Subject that perhaps might surpass you. But where were we when he came?

You talked to me, Sir, (replied I) of a Saint that I never saw in the Roman Calender, I think you called him Danhuzerus; Ha! I remember (answered he) I bid you put your self in the place of one of your Doctors, and suppose that the blessed Danhuzerus came to open his Conscience to you, and told you.

Sir, the fame of your knowledge hath brought me hither from beyond the *Alpes*; I have a little scruple that pinches me. In a Mountain of *Italy* there is a Nymph keeps her Court; a thousand Nymphs as lovely almost as her self, wait upon her. Many handsome, learned, and civil Gentlemen, come thither from all parts of the habitable World; they love those Nymphs,

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Nymphs, and are beloved of them; there they lead the sweetest life imaginable; they beget most lovely Children on those whom they love; they adore the Living God, they wrong no Body, and they hope for immortality. As I was one day walking upon that Mountain, I pleased the Nymph Queen, she made her self visible, and shew'd me her charming Court. The *Sages* perceiving that she loved me, respected me almost as their Prince; they exhorted me to yield to the Sighs and Beauty of the Nymph; she her self told me her Sufferings, and omitted nothing that might affect my Heart; and at length told me, that she must die if I would not love her: and that if I loved her, she would be indebted to me for her Immortality. The Reasonings of those Learned Men convinced my mind, and the charms of the Nymph won my heart; I love her, and have very hopeful Children by her; but in the midst of my Felicity, I am sometimes troubled by calling to mind that the Church of *Rome* perhaps approves not too well of this. I came to you, Sir, to consult,

what that Nymph is, those Sages and Children, and in what state my Conscience is? There! Master Doctor what Answer would you make to Lord Danhuzerus?

I would tell him (answered I) with all the respect that I owe you, Seigneur Danhuzerus you are a little phanatical; or else your Vision is an Inchantment; your Children and Mistriss are Hobgoblins; your Sages are Fools, and your Conscience is scared.

With that answer (*my Son*) you may deserve a Doctors Hood, but you'll never merit to be received amongst us (*replied the Count fetching a deep sigh*) there is the barbarous Disposition of all the Doctors now a-days. A poor Sylph dares not shew himself but he is immediately taken for a Goblin; a Nymph must not endeavour Immortality unless she pass for an impure Apparition, and a Salamander dares not appear for fear of being taken for a Devil, and the pure Flamet whereof he is composed, for the Fire of Hell that never leaves him. It is to much purpose for them, that they may dispel those injurious suspicions, to make the sign of

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and
Con- the Cross when they appear, bow the
what Knee at the Divine Names, yea, and
Dan- pronounce them with reverence. These
are vain cautions, they cannot obtain
hall that Men would not repute them the
Dan- Enemies of God, whom they more re-
ligiously adore than they that flee from
your them.

*In earnest, Sir, (said I) do you be-
lieve the Sylphs to be very devote? Most
devote (answered he) and most zea-
lous for a Deity. The excellent Dis-
courses they make us upon the Divine
Essence, and their admirable Prayers
edifie us exceedingly. Have they Prayers
also (said I) I would willingly have one
of them? It is easie to satisfie you (re-
plied he) and to the end I may not re-
late one that may be suspected, or
that you may imagine fraud by my
self; listen to that which the Salaman-
der, who gave responses in the Tem-
ple of Delphos, taught the Pagans, and
is related by Porphyrius; it contains
sublime Theology; and by it you'll see
that it was no fault of those wise Crea-
tures, if the World adored not the true
God.*

The Prayer of the Salamaders.

Immortal, Eternal, Ineffable
 and Holy Father of all Things,
 who incessantly art carried on the
 rolling Chariot of ever-turning
 Worlds. Ruler of the Etherian
 Fields, where the Throne of thy
 Power is raised; from the height
 whereof thy dreadful Eyes discover
 all, and thy Holy and Blessed
 Ears hear every thing. Hear
 thy Children whom thou hast loved
 from the beginning of Ages; for
 thy Bright, thy Great and Eter-
 nal Majesty shines over the World,
 and the Starry Heavens. O spark-
 ling Fire, thou art elevated above
 them; there thou inlightens and
 entertains thy self by thy own
 Brightness, and from thy being
 flow

flow out continual streams of Light
 which nourish thine infinite Spi-
 rit. That infinite Spirit produces
 all things, and makes that in-
 exhaustible Treasure of Matter,
 which cannot be wanting to the
 Generation that always environ
 it by reason of the innumerable
 Forms wherewith it is impreg-
 nated, and with which thou
 fillea'st it in the beginning. From
 that Spirit spring also those most
 Holy Kings who stand about thy
 Throne, and make up thy Court.
 O universal and onely Father! O
 Father of the blessed Mortals and
 Immortals, thou hast in particu-
 lar created Powers, who are won-
 derfully like to thy Eternal Thought,
 and thine Adorable Essence. Thou
 hast placed them above the Angels,
 the Messengers of thy Will in the
 World. In fine thou hast created
 us a third kind of Sovereigns in the
 Elements:

Elements : Our continual Exercise is to praise thee, and to adore thy Will and Pleasure. We are inflamed with a desire of possessing thee. O Father, O Mother, the tenderest of Mothers ! O wonderful Example of the Feelings and Tenderness of Mothers ! O Son, the Flower of all Sons ! O Form of all Forms ! Soul, Spirit, Harmony and Number of all Things.

What say ye now to that Prayer of the Salamanders ? Is it not very Learned, very Sublime and very Devote ? And besides very Obscure too. (answered I) I heard a Preacher paraphrase upon it, who from thence proved that the Devil amongst his other Vices, is a notorious great Hypocrite. Ho ! (cried the Count) what remedy have ye then poor Elementary People ? ye speak astonishingly of the nature of God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, of assistant intelligences, of the Angels and Heavens. Ye make admirable Prayers, and teach them to

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Men; and when all is done, ye are but hypocritical Goblins!

Sir (said I interrupting him) *I like not at all the Apostrophies you use to those People.* Well, well, my Son (*replied he*) be not afraid that I call them: but let not your weakness so far work up on you at least, as for the future to wonder that you see not so many instances as you would of their Alliance with Men. Alas! Where is that Woman whose imagination your Doctors have not spoiled, who reflects not on that commerce with Horrour, and who would not quake at the aspect of a Sylph? Where is the Man that flies not from the sight of them, if he incline a little to be good? Do we but very seldom find an Honest Man that desires their Familiarity? And do any but the Debauched, Covetous, Ambitious and Cheats, covet that Honour, which they shall never have though *DIEU* because the fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom.

What becomes then (said I) of all those People volant; seeing Honest Men are now so prejudiced against them? Ho! the Arm of

of God (*said he*) is not shortned, and the Devil reaps not all the profit which he hoped from the Ignorance and Error that he hath spread abroad to their prejudice; for besides that the Philosophers, who are numerous, remedy it as much as they can, by wholly renouncing Women: God has permitted these People to use all the innocent Arts they can devise for conversing with Men without their knowledge. *What d'ye tell me, Sir* (*cried I*) I tell you the truth (*continued he*) Do you believe that a Dog can have Children by a Woman? *No* (*answered I*) And an Ape (*added he?*) *Neither* (*replied I*) And a Bear (*continued he?*) *Neither Dog, Bear, nor Ape.* (*said I*) *it is without doubt impossible; it is contrary to Nature, Reason, and Common Sense.* Good (*said the Count*) but are not the Kings of the Goths sprung from a Bear and a Swedish Princess? History says so. *It is true* (*replied I*) And the Pegusians and Syonians of the Indies (*answered he*) are they not begotten by a Dog upon a Woman? *I have heard that also* (*said I*) And that Portuguese Woman (*continued*

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tinued he) who being exposed on a desert Island, had Children by a great Baboon ? *Our Divines* (said I) *answer to that Sir) that the Devil putting himself into the shape of those Beasts* You are again about to alledge to me (said the Count interrupting me) the sordid imaginations of your Authors. Understand then once for all, that the Sylphs perceiving that they are taken for Devils when they appear in Humane shape, that they may lessen the Aversion which People have to them ; take the shape of those Animals , and so accommodate themselves to the whimsical weakness of Women , who would have a lovely Sylph in Horrour , and are not startled at a Dog or Monkey. I could tell you many little stories of the Ladies Lap-dogs, with some Virgins in the World ; but that I have a greater Secret to impart to you.

Know (my Son) that such an one believes himself to be the Son of a Man, who is the Son of a Sylph. Such a Man thinks he is with his Wife, who unawares is immortalising a Nymph. A Wife thinks she has her Husband in her Arms,

Arms, who is imbracing a Salamander; and such a Maid would swear when she awakes that she is a Virgin, who in her sleep hath had the honour she dreamt not of. So the Devil and the Ignorant are equally abused.

How! (said I) *could not the Devil by awaking that sleeping Maid hinder the Salamander from becoming immortal?* He could (replied the Count) if the Sages took not a care of that; but we teach all those People the way of binding the Devils; and of opposing their Attempts. Did I not tell you t'other day that the Sylphs and other Elementary Lords are too happy that we are pleased to instruct them in the Cabal. Were it not for us the Devil their great Enemy would exceedingly disturb them, and they would find it hard to immortalize themselves without the privacy of Maids.

I cannot sufficiently admire (replied I) *the profound ignorance, wherein we live; we believe that the Powers of the Air help the Witches sometimes to the accomplishment of their desires. The matter is quite otherways then; for the powers of the Air*

want the assistance of Men in the prosecution of their loves. You have hit it, my Son (*continued the Count*) the Sage brings succour to those poor people, who without him are too wretched and weak to resist the Devil; but truly when a Sylph hath learnt from us Cabalistically to pronounce the powerful name *NEHMAHMIAH*, and to joyn it in form with the delicious name *ELIAEL*; all the powers of darkness betake them to their Heels, and the Sylphs peaceable enjoys the beloved Object.

Thus was immortalized the ingenious Sylph, who took the shape of the Lover of a Young Lady of *Seville*; its a known History. The Young Spanish Lady was Beautiful, but as cruel as fair. A Gentleman of *Castile*, who loved her in vain, resolved one morning to be gone without taking leave, and to travel until he were cured of his fruitless passion. A Sylph finding the fair one to his mind, thought it best to nick the time, and arming himself with the Directions that he had from one of us, to defend himself against the Crosses, that the Devil, envi-

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ous of his happiness might raise to him; he goes and visits the Lady under the disguise of the absent Lover; he complains, he sighs, and is rejected. He urges, solicites, and perseveres: After some months he wins upon her, gains her Love, persuades her, and at length is made happy. Their Amours are fruitful by a Son, who was secretly born without the knowledge of the Parents, being concealed by the skill of the Aereal Gallant. Their Love continues and is blessed with a second Conception. In the mean time the Gentleman cured by absence, returns to *Seville*, and being impatient to see his cruel Mistress, goes with all speed to tell her, that now at length he is in a condition not to displease her; and that he is come to acquaint her that he loves her no more.

Imagine but with your self the astonishment of the Young Lady, her Answer, her Tears, Reproaches, and all their surprising Conference. She maintains that she hath yielded to his will, he denies it; that their Child is in such a place, that he is the Father of another in her Womb; he obstinately dis-

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owns all. She is comfortless, tears her Hair; the Parents come running at her cries; the desperate Lover persists in her Complaints, and invectives; it is proved that the Gentleman was absent for two years; they search for the first Child and find it, and the second was born at the time.

And what part acted the Aereal Gallant (said I interrupting him) *all this while?* I well perceive (*answered the Count*) that you think he did ill in abandoning his Mistress to the rigour of her Parents, or the fury of the Inquisition: but he had reason to complain of her, she was not devote enough; for when these Gentlemen immortalize themselves, they labour seriously, and live with much sanctity, that they may not lose the right that they have acquired to the chief good. And so they will have the person to whom they are allied, lead an exemplary Life; as is to be seen in the famous Adventure of a Young Lord of *Bavaria*.

He was over-whelmed with grief for the loss of his Wife whom he passionately loved. A Sylphide was advised by

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one of our Sages to take the shape of that Woman; she took his Counsel, and went and presented her self to the young Mourner, saying, that God had raised her again to comfort him in his extream affliction. They lived many years together, and had very lovely Children; but this young Lord was not so good a man as to retain the wife Sylphide, he swore and talked Baudy. She often admonished him; but finding that her Admonitions were in vain, one day she evanished, leaving him onely her Coats, and sorrow that he had not followed her holy Counsels. So that you see, my Son, that the Sylphs have reason sometimes to disappear; and you perceive that the Devil cannot hinder, no more than the Capricious Whimsies of your Divines, but that the People of the Elements successfully endeavour their immortality when they are assisted by some one or other of our Sages.

But really and in good truth, Sir (replied I) are you perswaded that the Devil is so great an Enemy to those Debauchers of Young Maids? A mortal Enemy

my (*said the Count*) and especially to the Nymphs, Sylphs, and Salamanders. For as for the Gnomes, he does not hate them so much, for, as I think I told you, these Gnomes terrified at the howling of the Devils which they hear in the Center of the Earth, chuse rather to continue mortal than to run the risk of being so tormented, if they acquired immortality. Hence it is that the Gnomes have pretty good Commerce with their Neighbours the Devils. These perswade the Gnomes, naturally very kind to men, that it is great service done to men, and a deliverance from a great danger, to oblige them to renounce their immortality; for that end they ingage to furnish him, whom they can perswade to that renunciati- on, with as much money as he shall please to ask, to avert the dangers that may threaten his Life during a certain space of time, or what other condition; which he who makes that accursed compact shall please: so the Devil, wicked Rogue as he is, by the meditaion of that Gnome, makes the Soul of that Man become mortal, and deprives it of a right to Life eternal. *How*

How, Sir (cried I) are not these Compacts whereof Demonographers relate so many examples, in your opinion then, made with the Devil? No sure (replied the Count) hath not the Prince of the World been cast out? Is not he shut up? Is not he bound? Is he not the Caput Mortuum, and terra damnata, which hath sunk to the bottom of the operation of the Supreme and Architypical Stagyrist? Can he ascend unto the Region of Light, and spread his concentrated darkness there? He can do nothing against Man. He can onely inspire into the Gnomes his Neighbours, to come and make such Propositions to those whom he fears most will be saved, to the end their Soul may die with their Body.

According to your Doctrine then (added I) these Souls die? They die, Child (answered he) because their Soul dies with the Body. They come off on very easie terms then (replied I) and are very lightly punished for so enormous a Crime as the renouncing of their Baptism, and the death of their Saviour.

Call you that (said the Count) a slight punishment to enter into the dark Abyss of

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of Nothing ? Know that this is a greater punishment than to be damned ; that there remains some mercy still in the Justice which God exercises against the sinners in Hell ; and that is great favour that they are not consumed by the Fire that burns them. Non-entity is a greater evil than Hell ; and that is it which the Sages preach to the Gnomes , when they call them together to make known to them the wrong they do in preferring Death to Immortality , and the Abyss of Nothing to the hope of a Blessed Eternity , which they might have a right to possess , if they would ally themselves to Men , without exacting from them those Criminal Renunciations. Some of them believe us , and we marry them to our Daughters.

You preach a Gospel then to the Subterranean people , Sir (said I .) Why not *(replied he)* we are their Doctors , as well as of the people of the Fire , Air , and Water , and Philosophical Charity is indifferently diffused on all those Children of God , as they are more subtle , and more knowing than the ordinary sort of Men , so are they more docile
and

and capable of Instruction; and they listen to Divine Truths with a respect that ravishes us.

It must indeed be ravishing (cried I laughing) *to see a Caballist in a Pulpit holding forth to these Gentlemen.* You shall have the pleasure; my Son, when you will (*said the Count*) and if you please I'll call them together this Evening, and preach to them about Midnight. *At Midnight* (cried I) *I have been told that that is the hour of Sabat, or the Devils Night Rendezvous.* The Count fell a laughing; You put me in mind (*said he*) of the Fopperies that are recounted by Demonographers concerning their imaginary *Sabbat*. I wish also for the rarity of the thing, that you believed them likewise. *Ha!* as to the *Tales of the Sabbat* (*replied I*) *I do assure you I believe not one word of it.*

You do well, my Son (*said he*) for once more, the Devil hath so power to play upon Mankind, nor to converse with men; far less to make himself be adored by them, as the Inquisitors believe. The occasion of this popular report, is, because the Sages, as I have just

I have now told you, assemble the Inhabitants of the Elements, to preach to them their Mysteries and Morality; and seeing it happens commonly that some Gnome is cured of his gross Error, conceives the horror of Non-entity, and consents to be immortalized; we give him a Maid, marry him, and celebrate the Wedding with all the rejoicing that the Conquest we have made does require: These are the Dances and Shouts of Joy, which *Aristotle* says were heard in some Islands where no Body was seen however. The great *Orpheus* was the first that called together the Subterranean People, at his first meeting *Sebasius* was the ancientest of the Gnomes, was immortalized; and from that *Sebasius* the Assembly had its name, in which the Sages directed their Speech to him so long as he lived; as appears in the Hymns of the Divine *Orpheus*. The ignorant have confounded things, and have taken occasion thereupon to tell a thousand impertinencies, and to decry an Assembly which we only summon for the glory of the Supreme Being. *I could never have imagined (said I) that the night Sabbath*

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bat was an *Assembly of Devotion*. It is though, a most holy and Cabalistic one (*replied he*) which the World will not easily be perswaded of: But such is the deplorable ignorance of this unjust Age, men are infatuated with a popular opinion, and will not be undeceived. It is in vain for the Sages to speak, Fools are better believed. It is in vain for a Philosopher evidently to demonstrate the Falsity of the Notions that Men have framed to themselves, and give evident proofs to the contrary; let him use what Experiment and solid Reason he can: If a man in a Hood appear, who will undertake to falsifie it; Experience and Demonstration are baffled, and Truth cannot again recover its right. Men believe this Hood more than their own Eyes. There hath been a memorable instance of this Popular Infatuation in your own *France*.

The Famous Cabalist *Zedechias* had a mind, in the Reign of your King *Pepin*, to convince the World that the Elements were inhabited by all those People, whose Nature I have already described to you. The Expedient he conceited,

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was to advise the Sylphs to shew themselves publickly in the Air; they did it with great Pomp and Magnificence. These admirable Creatures were seen in the Air in Humane Shape, sometimes in Battel Array, marching in good Order, standing to their Arms, or encamped under rich Pavillions: sometimes in a Fleet of Aereal Ships of an admirable Build, which sailed with gentle *Zephirs*. What became of it? Do you think that the ignorant Age fell to reason on the Nature of those marvellous Spectacles? No such matter. The People believed at first that they were Sorcerers, who had got into the Air, to raise Tempests there, and to showre down Hail upon their Crops. The Learned Divines and Lawyers were quickly of the Opinion of the People, the Emperour believed it also; and that ridiculous Notion prevailed so far, that the Wise *Charlemagne*, and after him *Lewis* the Debonaire, imposed heavy punishments upon all those pretended Tyrants of the Air. This you may see in the First Chapter of the Capitular Decrees of those two Emperours.

The Sylphs perceiving that the People, Pedants, and the Crowned Heads themselves, conspired thus against them, resolved that they might make them lose the bad Opinion which they had of their innocent Fleet, to carry away men from all parts, to shew them their Fair Women, their Republick, & Government, and then to drop them in several places of the World. They did as they projected, the People seeing Men descend, came running from all parts, possessed with an Opinion that they were Sorcerers, who detached themselves from their Companions, that they might poison the Fruits and the Waters; and according to the rage that is inspired by such imaginations, they dragged the poor innocent men to punishment. It is incredible what a vast number of them perished by Fire and Water in this Kingdom.

One day amongst the rest it happened at *Lyons*, that three Men and a Woman descended in those Aereal Ships; the whole City gather about them, cry they are Magicians, and that *Grimoald* ^{the} *of Benevent*, the Enemy of *Charlemagne*,
to ye

maigne, sent them to destroy the Crops of *France*. It was to no purpose for the four Innocents to say for their justification, that they were of the same Countrey; that they were lately carried away by miraculous men, who shewed them unheard of Wonders, and prayed them to relate them. The infatuated People, will not hear their Defence; but was going to throw them into the Fire, when the good man *Agobard* Bishop of *Lyons*, who whilst he was a Monk, had obtained great Authority in that City, came running upon the News; and having heard the Peoples Accusation, and the Defence of the Accused, gravely pronounced that both were false. That it was not true that these Men came down out of the Air, and that what they affirmed to have seen there, was absolutely impossible.

The People believed what good Father *Agobard* said, better than their own Eyes; was pacified, set at liberty the four Ambassadors of the Sylphs, and received with admiration the Book which *Agobard* wrote to confirm the

Sentence he had pronounced. Thus was the Testimony of these four Witnesses made frivolous.

In the mean time, seeing they escaped punishment, they were free to relate what they had seen; which was not altogether fruitless: for if you remember the Age of *Charlemagne* abounded in Heroick Men. And this is a sign that the Woman who had been with the Sylphs, obtained Credit amongst the Ladies of those Times; and that by the grace of God many Sylphs were immortalized, many Sylphides became likewise Immortal, by the relation that those three Men gave of their Beauty; which obliged the people of that Age to apply themselves a little to Philosophy; and from thence have come all the Stories of Fairies which you find in the amorous Legends of the Age of *Charlemagne*, and the succeeding. And these pretended Fairies were nothing else but Sylphides and Nymphs. Have you read the Stories of those Heroes and Fairies? *No, Sir* (said I.)

I am sorry for that (*replied he*) for they would have given you some Notion

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on of the State to which the Sages are resolved one day to reduce the World. Those Heroick Men, those Loves of Nymphs, those Journeys to the Earthly Paradise, those Palaces and Inchant-ed Groves, and all those Charming Adventures, are but a weak Emblem of the Life that the Sages leads, and what the World shall be, when Wisdom by their means shall reign therein. There shall be none but Heroes in it; the least of our Children shall have the might of *Zoroaster*, *Apollonius*, or *Melchisedec*; and most part of them shall be accomplished, as the Children that *Adam* would have begotten on *Eve*, had he not sinned with her.

Did you not tell me, Sir (said I interrupting him) *that it was not the will of God that Adam and Eve should have had Children; and that Eve should have given her self only to Sylphs or Salamanders?* It is true (said the Count) they should not have procreated the way they did. *Your Cahal Sir* (continued I) *furnishes Man and Woman then with an Invention of Begetting Children after another manner than the common Method.* Affuredly
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replied he.) *Good now, pray teach me that, Sir* (answered I.) You shall not know it too day, if you please (said he laughing) I'll revenge the Quarrel of the people of the Elements, because you have made so much difficulty to undeceive your self of their pretended Devilry. I make no question but your pannick fears are now over. I leave you therefore, that you may have time to meditate and deliberate in the presence of God, to which kind of Elementary Substances it will be most for his glory and your honour, that you bestow a share of your Immortality.

In the mean time I'll go recollect my self a little, for the Discourse that you have put me upon making this night, to the Gnomes. *Go* (said I) *explain to them some Chapter of Averroes?* I believe (said the Count) I may very well have a little touch at that; for I have a Design to preach to them the Excellency of Man, that I may work upon them to court our Alliance. And after *Aristotle Averroes* holds two things which it is fit I should illustrate; the one concerning the Nature of the Mind, and the

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the other about the Chief Good : He says , *That there is but one created Mind, which is the Image of the uncreated; and that that Mind alone is sufficient for all Men.* And as to the Chief Good , *Averroes* says , *It consists in the Conversation with Angels; which is not Cabalistic enough: For Man even in this life is created for the Enjoyment of God, as you shall one day know , and find by Experience, when you are listed among the Sages.*

Thus ended the Conference of the Count of Gabalis. He returned next day, and brought me the Discourse that he made to the Subterranean People: It is a wonderful Piece. I would publish it, with a Continuation of the Conferences that a Vice-Countess and I had with that Great Man, were I sure that all my Readers had right thoughts , and would not take it amiss that I make my self merry with Fools. If I perceive

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that

that my Book is permitted to do
 the good that it may produce,
 and that I be not unjustly sus-
 pected to commend Secret Sciences,
 under pretext of making them ri-
 diculous ; I shall continue to please
 my self with my Count ; and may
 suddenly publish another Tome.

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LETTER

To my LORD of

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My LORD,

YO^U have alwayes appeared to me so affectionate to your Friends, that I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in favours of the best of mine, to beseech your Lordship to have the goodness for him as to read his Book. I pretend not thereby to engage you in any of the Consequences that my Friend the Author
may

A Letter.

may perhaps promise to himself from that; for Authors are apt to conceive great hopes. I have even told him that you make it your honour never to speak, but what you think; and that he is not to expect that you will lay aside so rare a Quality, and so new at Court, to say that his Book is good, if you find it bad; but it is my humble desire only to your Lordship, that you would have the goodness to decide a Controversie that we have had together. You need not have studied so much my Lord, as to become a Prodigy of Knowledge, if you thought it not fit to expose your self to
be

A Letter.

be consulted preferably to Doctors. This is then the Dispute that I have with my Friend.

I would have obliged him wholly to change the Form of his Work, the pleasant strain he handles it in, seems not at all proper for the Subject. The Cabal (I told him) is a serious Science, which many of my Friends study seriously; it ought therefore to be refuted the same way. Seeing all its Errors are about Divinity, and that is very difficult to make a serious Man laugh upon any Subject; it is most dangerous to droll in this, and it is much to be feared that Devotion may seem interested

A Letter.

terested therein. A Cabalist
must be made to speak like a
Saint, else he acts his Part very
ill; and if he speak like a
Saint, by that apparent Sanctity
he imposes upon weak Minds, and
better perswades his Visions
than all the Drollery that may
be made on them, can refute
them. To this my Friend answer-
ed with the Presumption that
Authors have when they defend
their Books; that if the Cabal
be a serious Science, then none
but Melancholick people apply
themselves to it; and that ha-
ving at first tried the Dogmatick
Stile on that Subject, he found
himself so ridiculous in treating
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A Letter.

Fopperies seriously, that he judg-
ed it more proper to turn the Ri-
dicule upon the Count Gabalis.
The Cabal (said he) is one of those
Chimæra's, which Men authorise,
when they oppugn them gravely;
and which should only be over-
thrown by Drolling. He is not ig-
norant of the Fathers, and there-
fore he cited to me Tertullian.
You who know it better than he
and I both, my Lord; judge if
the Citation be false: *Multa sunt
risu digna revinci, ne gravitate
adorentur.* He says that Tertul-
lian uses that pretty Sentence a-
gainst the Valentinians, who
were a kind of most Enthusiastick
Cabalists.

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A Letter.

As to Devotion which comes always in play thorowout this Work (he says) that a Cabalist must unavoidably speak of God: but it is happy, that in this Subject it is of a more unavoidable necessity, for preserving the Cabalistic Character, never to speak of God, but with extream Veneration; so Religion can receive no blemish: and the weak Wits must be sillier than the Lord Gabalis, if they suffer themselves to be enchanted by that Extravagant Devotion; or if the Raillery that is put upon it, remove not the Charm.

By these and many other Reasons which I shall not alledge
here,

A Letter.

here, because I have a Mind
your Lordship should be of my
Opinion; my Friend pretends
that he ought to write against
the Cabal merrily. Reconcile us
if you please, I hold it best to pro-
ceed against the Cabalists and
all the Secret Sciences, by serious
and vigorous Arguments. He
saith that Truth is naturally
brisk, and that it is far more
powerful when it laughs: be-
cause an ancient Author, whom
without doubt, you know, says in
a place, which, considering the
excellent Memory God hath en-
dowed you with, you will certain-
ly remember; Convenit Verita-
ti ridere, quia lætans.

He

A Letter.

He adds, That the Secret Sciences are dangerous, if they be not handled in a strain that may make them contemptible; exposing their ridiculous Mystery, and taking off People from losing time in the Study of them; by shewing them the depth, and discovering the extravagancy thereof. Give Sentence, my Lord, these are our Reasons. I shall receive your Verdict with the respect which you know does always accompany the Zeal wherewith I am

My LORD,

Your Lordships most humble

and obedient Servant,

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